TEN CENTS A COPY

Feed Me on Facts, by John B. Watson, on page 966

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Prose

MR. HERBERT READ in this *Review* some weeks ago offered a distinction between prose and poetry which has already been much discussed. Poetry, he said, inheres in the word, or at least in the phrase, itself. This unit of expression—this atom of language—is suffused with imagination, electric with motion. Remove it from its context and it still glows—"magic casements" "seas incarnadine," "patines of bright gold." But prose is a creation of rhythm and therefore of harmony. The complex and irregular pattern in which its words are set is style, is in a true sense prose as differentiated from mere words in syntax. Expressions of low potentiality, words of little color, when ordered by rhythm make the dignity of Milton, the lucid roll of Macaulay, the intricate sophistications of Pater, the eloquence of Emerson.

A definition of a complex abstraction like art, or beauty, or truth, or poetry, or prose, is precisely that they are not completely definable, which means that we must constantly be trying new explanations to determine an aspect or mark a relation between human needs and fact. Thus, one accepts Mr. Read's contribution as valid, as far as it goes.

Yet it is dangerous to define an art solely by its technique. Prose is not by necessity rhythmical because rhythm makes prose. It is rhythmical because something in human nature requires an irregular rhythm to give it tangible existence.

* * *

Prose, if you please, is like a wall, and poetry a collection of cut gems. Walls have long engaged the imagination of poets—

Something there is that does not like a wall.

But look at a wall, a rough dry wall, a meandering wall in the wood lot, a shadowed and ivy grown, fern-bordered wall. It is a collocation of diversities ingeniously if irregularly dovetailed and combined. The foundation is of great iron-stone boulders, the beams and joists are mighty slabs of weathered granite aging into the life of lichen and moss, no two more alike than the days that broke and weathered them. And they are bound and morticed by broad flakes of gray schist, and packed with milky nodules and broken spears of quartz like cream cheese, or bright fruit in a cake. A block of sparkling hornblend protrudes like a ledge, and where the top has crumbled to let the deer path over, a chunk of mica feldspar dropping apart from green moisture threatens to bring down the wall.

And yet it is a wall: these various stones make a useful and beautiful entity. As long as three stand on each other, they will be not rocks merely but a creation that came from and means something to man. Even where frost has wedged out the boulders and let down the heart and head of the wall in ruin among the dogwoods, there is still a suggestion of order, still the poise and angle of the fallen stones make a continuance, an entity, the wall.

Prose is like that. The common rocks and stones of intercourse are its elements. They are too familiar, too homely, too knobby alone to be significant, or beautiful, or even expressive. You cannot make poetry of them for they are intrinsically unpoetical, and cannot be shaped to poetry except by a crystallization of some plain reality in them which is lost with change. A fireside conversation, the antics of a dog, the back and forth of an argument, the commonsense of explanation or advice—put these into verse and they become rhetoric. Nor are they word by word, phrase by phrase, either memorable or significant.

It is the need of binding together, not the existence of rhythms, that makes prose. And in this way, if in no other, we would carry back Mr. Read's definition into nature, from which, as Emerson says, men organize art.

Spider

By KATHARINE ALLISON MCLEAN

BEHIND the web of a concealing curtain
All day she sits.
Whether she's wholly idle is not certain,
Perhaps she knits.
A few have seen her hands, puffily white,
But she keeps out of sight.

From open windows, doors across the way,
And from the street
Flutter her morsels, they are easy prey.
Her drink and meat
Consists of lives of others; she embellishes
Sin . . . and suffering she relishes.

Those who observe, tell of it with a shiver:
The darting hand
And then the web's—or rather curtain's—quiver;
They understand
How many of her waking hours are spent
Thus dreadfully intent.

This Week

UNIVERSITY PRESS NUMBER

"The Political Economy of Juan de Mariana."
Reviewed by *R. G. Tugwell.*
"The Privy Council of England."
Reviewed by *Lewis Rex Miller.*
"The Immediate Origins of the War."
Reviewed by *Carlton J. Hayes.*
"Current Christian Thinking."
Reviewed by *Bernard Iddings Bell.*
"Ur Excavations."
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"Southern Literary Studies."
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"Psychologies of 1925."
Reviewed by *Ralph Barton Perry.*
The Dyspeptic Muse.
By *Leonard Bacon.*
"Primitive Art."
Reviewed by *Mary Austin.*

Next Week or Later

"Socialism and Communism for the Intelligent Woman."
Reviewed by *Harold J. Laski.*

The Anti-Saloon League

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

EVERY year sees our extra constitutional government arising stronger in the United States. In every line of human activity where public sentiment touches government, either municipal, state, or national, public sentiment, or, if you like, public clamor is organizing itself scientifically and is becoming as much a part of government as the courts, the executive, or the legislature. Legislation effecting labor is presented to municipal councils, state legislatures, and to Congress by the American Federation of Labor. The American Banker's Association presses legislation concerning currency and finance. The League of Women Voters and the National Federation of Women's Clubs sponsors legislation concerning women and children in industry and in society. And so it goes on down the line.

The most notable and also the most successful organization which has effected legislation in recent decades is the Anti-Saloon League. In a book* just issued on it, Dr. Odegard has presented a scholarly, intelligent, and unbiased statement of the origin, growth, and achievements of the Anti-Saloon League. The same thing might equally be done with legislation concerning the tariff, or the currency, or the Shephard-Towner Bill, using the life histories of other organizations which have paralleled that of the Anti-Saloon League. But this book reviewing the work of the Anti-Saloon League has been done so well that it may justly be called a case book, typical of a score of other cases thriving in American politics. "High Pressure Politics" is a splendid title for the book, but under the title of "High Pressure Politics," the story of the eight-hour railroad law might equally well be written with the American Federation of Labor as the moving power. We are being governed now by this new estate in our politics, organized sentiment putting pressure upon unorganized legislators. The "embattled farmers" in their organized capacity in their fight for the McNary-Haugen Bill had more power in Congress than the chairmen of the Republican and Democratic National Committees. The head of the American Legion could command more votes for the bonus than any other man in America in office or out.

* * *

So government is changing, and a fine job Dr. Odegard has done in setting forth in this story the change, in telling of the work of the Anti-Saloon League in connection with the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment and the passage of the Volstead Act. It will be a disillusioning book to many, this "High Pressure Politics"; in that it dispels the myth that prohibition crept up to Congress and into the Constitution surreptitiously and by stealth. The slow and gradual growth of prohibition sentiment during the half century preceding the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment is made rather plain and unmistakable. The book gives every evidence of real scholarship, genuine and intelligent research, and best of all through it all the rare jewel of an open mind.

It is fortunate that Dr. Odegard has taken the work of the Anti-Saloon League, not because it is

HIGH PRESSURE POLITICS: The Story of the Anti-Saloon League. By PETER ODEGARD. New York: Columbia University Press. 1928. $3.50.

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more important than the work of any other league, association, union, federation, or bureau operating under government, but because just now millions of people think that the Anti-Saloon League is peculiar, that it is the only organ of its kind functioning; when as a matter of fact the Anti-Saloon League is only typical of a hundred organizations of its kind. These organizations are more important in their relation to actual legislation than any Senator, no matter how powerful his Committee in Congress, no matter what leadership he has, and generally speaking these extra-constitutional organizations are more powerful than the President himself in the narrow groove in which they operate. They are as much a part of our government, as much a part of reality when it comes to legislation or the administration of laws as any duly legalized function of government. Most people do not realize this. Most people seem to think that it takes a constitutional amendment to change our government, but this change which has placed the direction of public sentiment in relation to government in the hands of organized minority groups more vitally affects American politics than any change that has come into government constitutionally since the Civil War. This is supposed to be a government of law, a government with a written constitution. Yet here outside the constitution is a tremendous force unregulated, even unrecognized by our constitutional authorities, perhaps unrecognized because our constitutional authorities are ashamed to confess the limitations of their own powers before the new forces operating under government in America.

A Jesuit Scholar

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF JUAN DE MARIANA. By JOHN LAURES, S. J. New York: Fordham University Press. 1928.

Reviewed by R. G. TUGWELL
Columbia University

JUAN DE MARIANA was born in a little town near Toledo in 1536, of "poor and simple parents." He grew up to be one of those twisty, cantankerous persons who underline, here and there, the history of our intellectual inheritance. There is about his life the unmistakably authentic flavor of that irreconciliation with a racial lot which might be improved if only we, as humans, would use the heads God gave us instead of resting content on easy grace. Doubt assailed him again and again. As with Descartes, with Galileo, with Montaigne, it was this doubt which made him great. Montaigne could doubt everything except the goodness of a French soil whence wines and cabbages could emerge. Descartes could doubt not so much, not, certainly the existence of God, or, at least, not openly. Mariana's area of wilful uncertainty was even more restricted; but it was large enough for one brain's scope. He succeeded in doubting the rightness of tyranny even if not the rule of the church.

One must understand him, in fact, within the tradition of Jesuitical doctrine. He was a father of the church and a soldier of the Society of Jesus. But not a good soldier in the disciplinary sense; his generals suffered much on his account and if they bore with him it ought to reflect on them credit for a tolerance sufficiently infrequent to be notable. In 1554 when Mariana was received into it, the Society was new. He was put to teaching and began a short career in that profession which, brief as it was, carried him to a Professorship at the Sorbonne. This was in 1569. He stayed there only four years; the rest of his long life was lived at the Professed House in Toledo.

Until his retirement, "on account of ill health," he had been a theologian. But his sojourns in Italy and France had left one distinct impression: the people of those lands were by way of knowing little about Spain. That Mariana should have felt this midway in the sixteenth century is an illuminating commentary. The great days of Spain were past. There remained to her the consolations of scholarship—within a tradition—and religion to compensate for the neglect of a world intent on the pursuit of activities she could not share. Mariana wrote a classic history of his land, "Historiæ de Rebus Hispaniæ Libri XX," which was published in 1592. In 1596 five more books were added. In 1605 the whole work was republished at Mayence with still more additions. It still stands as a classic of Spain.

The present book concerning Mariana recounts these matters warmly, as why should it not, being written by yet another Jesuit, a young father, completing his studies in a different land, but under similar auspices. This young father Laures, who writes with pride and unconcealed affection of this other sixteenth-century father, goes, however, not yet to the Sorbonne or to another great university. Mariana, indeed, was first sent to Sicily to teach theology in a newly established college. Father Laures goes to Tokio in Japan. His Sorbonne is all in the future.

If Mariana had written only this history his memory would have nearly as much traditional honor as it now possesses. But he did not stop there. In an unwary moment the tutor to the royal princes asked the old scholar to write a book on politics for the edification of his charges. It turned out to be a notable contribution to the theory of democracy, a defense of tyrannicide and a tract on sound financial policy. This last is the formal subject of Father Laures's dissertation. It was elaborated in several subsequent works, all of which are analyzed. The last of these, the "De Monetæ Mutatione" of "Tractatus VII" got the old gentleman into really hot water. The subversiveness of his doctrine burst on the world suddenly. There had been suspicions before; but he had been popular and widely read. He was now arrested, for he had said boldly that a king who would debase the coinage as Philip III. had done was a robber of the people, no less.

He was, of course, denounced to the king for lèse-majesté. What followed?

Errors in matters of faith were also charged against him. The pope was informed and was asked to grant permission to summon Mariana to court. He delegated his nuncio, who took up the matter with the Spanish court. When asked whether he had made the utterances laid to his charge, he confessed, but added that he had acted in good faith and had endeavored to serve the common good. He complained that being seventy-three years old he might rightly have expected some reward for the numberless hardships endured during fifty-six years in the service of religion and of the state, but that all the recompense he found was the rigor of a prison.

He seems, however, to have promised to be good. The king's officers bought all the copies they could find, of the offensive tract; according to Father Laures the Boston Public Library owns the only one in this country. So the great and popular man got into trouble in his mature years when finally his wisdom got the better of ambition, discretion, or whatever it is which breeds in us a manner accommodative to the dogmas current in our time.

But Mariana finally did something worse than this. Those who arrested him and searched his papers found among them a manuscript complaining of imperfections in the constitution and administration of the Society of Jesus. Now if it be remembered that Mariana was of humble birth and peasant manners, that he was boisterous and rude to those of feebler intelligence, he might expect to learn next that he was burned with the extremest of sadistic ceremonies. But he wasn't. Father Laures does not tell us why. He says only in a quiet way, but with obvious joy—and what churchman would not contemplate with joy such an end to his days?—

After his release from prison, Mariana spent his remaining years composing commentaries on various books of the Bible and in re-editing his works. On February 16, 1624, his death brought to a close a life which had covered the period of nearly a century.

How different this life must have been in outward circumstance to that other contemporary one across the Bay of Biscay. Shakespeare in busy, commercial London writing lines for players, immortal lines, it is true, but who knew that? And this priest in Toledo in cloistered traditionalism. There is no way of comparing them, no sense in bringing up the subject at all, perhaps, yet both were such stars in our earthly crown, both worked with such gusto, the one in London fog, the other in the clear hard light of Spain, that their living and writing as contemporaries ought somehow to count for human glory. It has not yet been said, I am afraid, that most of this book of Father Laures's has to do with sixteenth-century notions about finance. They were valuable ideas to build upon. They are interesting now only to the historian; but more of us, in these days, are minded to know something of our intellectual foundations rather than to live blithely and unappreciatively on a glazed, but possibly opaque, contemporary surface. One is richer, far richer, for knowing that in sixteenth-century Spain Juan de Mariana lived, wrote, and came to grips with problems in such fashion as to set us further on our way. These are riches, too, which grow by sharing. Our thanks to Father Laures for his having shared!

Growth of a Government

THE PRIVY COUNCIL OF ENGLAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES (1603-1784). By EDWARD RAYMOND TURNER. Volume II. Baltimore: The John Hopkins Press. 1928. $7.50

Reviewed by LEWIS REX MILLER

PROFESSOR TURNER has now completed the second stage of the arduous journey upon which he embarked when he undertook to examine in some detail the origins and operation of council and cabinet government in England up to the end of the eighteenth century. The second volume of his work on the Privy Council, which now appears, might well be entitled, "The Decline of the Privy Council," for it deals largely with that period, from 1679 to the latter part of the following century, when the Privy Council ceased to be the real governing body in England and lost much of its authority to Parliament and to the Cabinet which unofficially superseded it.

When Charles II. in 1679 was obliged to "reform" the Privy Council by admitting to it members of the opposition, by limiting its membership to thirty, and by promising that important affairs of state would always be brought to its attention, instead of being acted upon by a small Cabal, he was apparently forced to act against the irresistible trend of the times. His "reform" was, indeed, as Professor Turner points out, less a constitutional measure than a mere political expedient. The members of the opposition who had been admitted soon found it expedient to resign in order to remain in the good graces of the people, the Council commenced again to grow in numbers—a tendency which has been evident ever since, until in 1922 the Privy Council of Great Britain contained no less than 320 members—, and in an increasing degree the really important affairs of government were transacted not by the Privy Council, but by a committee of that council. This committee, originally the committee on foreign affairs, and commonly referred to simply as "the Committee," eventually resolved itself into the Cabinet Council, which has ever since retained the real executive power in the British government.

In the eighteenth century, the Privy Council in England begins to assume that character which is today so mystifying to the American observer, of a dignified and reputable governmental body which seldom or never meets except for ceremonial purposes, and which has no power. Important matters of government continued to come before the Privy Council in the eighteenth century, but it met less frequently, and seldom did more than to give formal sanction and approval to decisions previously arrived at in committee. Professor Turner brings out the interesting fact that the King, who during the eighteenth century ceased attending meetings of the Cabinet, continued to be present, at least during the first half of the century, at meetings of the Privy Council. In relation to the total number of meetings of the Council, the King was present even more frequently in the eighteenth than he had been in the seventeenth century. This, however, marked a decline in the royal authority, for the Cabinet, not the Privy Council, was now the real executive power.

In the present volume, the author does not undertake to treat of the all-important committee of foreign affairs. This will have its rightful place in Professor Turner's study of the Cabinet Council, which forms the next section of his monumental work, and which is to be published later.

This second volume contains much material that is supplementary to the contents of Volume I, such as chapters on the standing committees of the Privy Council from 1603 onward, and an Appendix of additions and corrections to the first volume. There is also an informative chapter on Associated Councils, notably those dealing with trade and plantations.

The work ends very abruptly, and one regrets that there is no brief retrospective chapter summing up the principal conclusions formed from the examination of so vast an amount of material.

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War Guilt

THE IMMEDIATE ORIGINS OF THE WAR (28th June—4th August, 1914). By PIERRE RENOUVIN. Translated by THEODORE CARSWELL HUME. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by CARLTON J. H. HAYES
Columbia University

HERE is a lucid, unimpassioned exposition of the course of those diplomatic negotiations which in the fateful summer of 1914 eventuated in the World War. The book was hailed, when it first appeared in French two years ago, as one of the three or four very best studies of the grave question of war guilt: it firmly established the reputation of its author as a careful student and judicious interpreter of the multitudinous evidence in the case. To Professor Seymour and to the Yale University Press American and English readers can now be grateful that such a capital study has been made available to them in their own language. Mr. Hume's translation is not always happy—he makes princes "accede" to thrones, and his much used phrase "to tell the truth" sometimes creates the unfortunate impression that the author must be keeping something back—but it is as good as the average and in the main it is reliable.

M. Renouvin is a Frenchman and a maimed veteran of the World War, but these facts make him none the less an outstanding scholar. Professor of the History of the Great War at the University of Paris and Director of the French War Library and Museum, he is a "revisionist," that is, he weighs impartially all the documents which are now accessible and which may throw light on the diplomatic situation from June to August, 1914, all the German and Austrian documents, all the Russian and Serb and British documents as well as those that are French, and he "revises" thoroughly and basically the myths and fantasies and falsifications which passed muster in Allied countries from 1914 to 1918 as proofs of the sole guilt of the Central Empires. For example, he demonstrates conclusively the falsity of the notion put into circulation by Ambassador Morgenthau that the Kaiser convened at Potsdam on July fifth a Grand Council of officials and financial magnates who conspired together to precipitate the war. He, moreover, points out in considerable detail the complicity of Serbian officials in the plots against Austria and particularly in the assassination of the Archduke, the restraining influence which Germany at a late hour sought to exercise on Austria, and the criminally dangerous activity of military and civil agents of the Czar which drove Russia into general mobilization and evoked Germany's decisive ultimatum. It may be, in respect of this last point, that some critics will think M. Renouvin is a bit too kind to Sazonov, the Russian Foreign Minister, but in other respects there can be little doubt that he has been scrupulously fair to both the Central Empires and to the Entente. Obviously he does not hold to the theory of Germany's sole guilt, and in this sense he is a "revisionist."

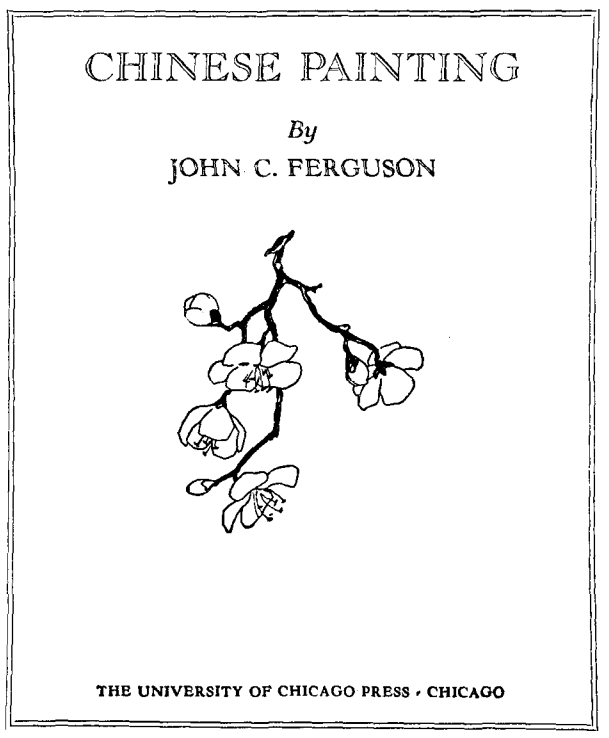
* * *

If, however, "revisionism" means what one of its American exponents now says it means, the complete whitewashing of Germany and the imputing of chief or sole guilt to Russia and France and Britain, then M. Renouvin is not a "revisionist." He cannot find in any of the documents, and he has studied them first-hand, any such incriminating evidence against the Entente. After commenting on the significant rôle played in the later stages of the crisis of 1914 by the entangling complication of alliances and especially by the preponderating influence of the military leaders, he declares:

> In order to formulate a precise judgment upon the question of war responsibility, it is essential to return to the time when the governments were still able to call themselves the masters of their own actions. More attention must be paid to the deliberate steps which created the conditions of the conflict—to the decisions which were thoughtfully arrived at in the quiet of the various chancelleries during their moments of greater leisure. The military provocation of July, 1914, was determined by a diplomatic provocation. The connecting link between them was furnished by the Austrian declaration of war upon Serbia. Now, Germany and Austria were *alone* in desiring this provocation. It is true that they had reason to feel uneasy; nationalistic movements were threatening the very existence of the Dual Monarchy, and, indirectly, the position of the German Empire. But they would not consent to any solution other than that of violent action. They had agreed upon the program after careful deliberation, having coolly considered all the possible consequences of their action. So far as the *immediate* origins of the conflict are concerned, that is the one fact which dominates all the others.

Of course, M. Renouvin is treating only of the immediate origins of the war, only of the diplomatic developments during one month of 1914. He leaves out of account the sequence of events which at least since 1870 had been creating an international situation favorable to a World War and a situation for which all the Entente Powers and both the Central Powers and even the United States must bear some measure of responsibility, or, if you choose, guilt. Likewise he leaves out of account the nationalist preachments of press and rostrum which, flooding forth intermittently before July 1914 and steadily thereafter, in Germany and France, in Serbia and Austria, in Britain and Russia, nerved the diplomats and finally compelled them to do their best for their respective countries and their worst for the world at large. In M. Renouvin's very restricted field, he modestly confesses that different constructions can honestly be put upon the same documents and that his work is by no means definitive. Not even the facts, let alone the interpretation, of the diplomatic history of July, 1914, can be fully set forth until all the archives of France and Italy and Britain and Serbia, as well as those of Germany, Austria, and Russia, are accessible to historians.

It will be a long time, if ever, before any generally acceptable final judgment can be rendered upon the relative amount of guilt attributable to the several actors in the colossal tragedy of 1914. The best thing for the layman to do in the meantime is to avoid heat and seek light. He will do well to eschew all his wartime prejudices and to pray ardently that he may be saved from developing counter-prejudices. He will be a wise "revisionist" if he dethrones the Emperor William II. as the Lucifer of the World War, but he may be a very silly "revisionist" if he then proceeds to elevate M. Poincaré or Lord Grey to the dizzy eminence of satanic majesty. Toward these ends it will be of incalculable service to the layman if he will give eye to the sane studies of such competent historians as Professor Sidney Fay in America and Professor Pierre Renouvin in France.



Title page of "Chinese Painting," by John C. Ferguson (University of Chicago Press). One of the Fifty Best Books of the Year Selected by the American Institute of Graphic Arts.

For the first time in the history of bibliography, an attempt is being made to include in one volume a record of all private presses, with check-lists of their books. In addition, a few outstanding printers and publishers who have been or are working in what may be called the private press tradition are included. The purpose is to provide a comprehensive handbook for collectors whose interests range from personal expression to fine typography in general.

Publication is assured, and the text has already appeared serially in *The Publishers' Weekly* of New York City. Collection of historical and bibliographical data is a large and difficult endeavor and the compiler, Will Ransom, 500 Sherman Street, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A., welcomes and will appreciate assistance.

The New Theology

CURRENT CHRISTIAN THINKING. By GERALD BIRNEY SMITH. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

IT used to be complained that Christians are illogical. The charge now seems to be that they are too logical altogether. The really modern religious people are those who have learned from modern science that experiment is everything. You are not supposed ever to arrive at anything. The black beast is no longer the Devil. The creature now to be avoided is the Philosopher. Only physics matters. Metaphysics belongs to the adolescence of the race. At least that is the impression one gets from reading this book, written by a Professor of Theology at the University of Chicago. More and more, he tells us, religious thinkers of the really up-to-date sort are "ceasing to attempt to find some revelation from which may be derived knowledge inaccessible to natural human experience. All that we can know must come through human inquiry; and they are beginning to insist that this inquiry shall be an investigation *of the resources and meaning of this natural world.*" (Italics ours.)

What Dr. Smith does not in the least seem to understand is that, while *the resources* may be discovered by scientific investigation, *the meaning* simply cannot be so discovered. Science is a strictly limited thing, limited essentially to quantity observation. It asks "What" and "Whence" and "Whither" and "How." It never asks "Why." If it did, it would that instant cease to be science. Essentially science never answers even the question "What." What is anything you please? Science says, "This is such and such." The definition involves one or more terms, each of which must then itself be defined. Each further definition involves more need of definition. The end is a vast and basic mystery, none the less a metaphysical mystery because you happen to call it "energy."

Dr. Smith talks about "a conception of the universe due to modern science rather than to idealistic philosophy" as the determinant of the new theology. Science has no conception of the universe. Often scientists have. Some of them are Determinists. But their Determinism is of course a matter of metaphysical theory. It is not in the least based on their science. Others are Pantheists, but their Pantheism is due to this same idealistic philosophy which Dr. Smith condemns. It is not scientific. Others are, as Pasteur was and Pupin is, Catholic theists, but they at least know better than to say that their qualitative description of what is, is based on science. It is founded on faith, like everybody else's metaphysical theory.

* * *

If this book is really an accurate or adequate compendium of the sort of thing which passes muster as the latest in religious thinking, no wonder there is a growing number of scientific men who echo the cry of a young but very able physiologist who said at a dinner not long ago, "I do not know which is the more obnoxious to a real scientist—the Fundamentalist, who thinks we scientists know nothing, or the Modernist, who thinks that we know everything." Nobody can doubt the earnestness of the man who wrote this present volume, but one cannot help wondering where he learned his science.

Nor can some at least of his contentions make any great appeal to the ordinary man who, whatever else he values, is apt to include honesty as not only the best policy, but also the prime requisite of scholarly and gentlemanly living. One hesitates to accuse any writer of lack of this primary virtue, but in this case it can hardly be helped. What can be more, shall we say unfortunate, than to use words generally accepted as having a certain meaning and read into them new definitions of your own in order either to avoid unpleasant consequences or to promote some new purpose. After having described, with approval, a scheme of regarding God not as a reality but merely as a symbol of the spirit of society, giving Him the same sort of significance as "Alma Mater" has to a collegian (the sublime comparison is Dr. Smith's, not ours), he goes on to say: "The obvious advantage of this reinterpretation of God is that it enables Christian groups to continue to use familiar words and religious rituals which are fraught with great emotional power,

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while at the same time directing the emotion" to other and merely social ends. Dr. Smith does not say that this is *his* position. It is the position of a colleague of his, Professor Ames. The point is that Dr. Smith, too, seems to think this sort of thing is cricket.

At a time when men like Professor Whitehead of Harvard and Professor Streeter of Oxford and a host of others are making more and more plain that the science of the moment is vitally in need, for its own advancement if for no other reason, of philosophical interpretation, it seems unfortunate that many well-meaning theologians (if one may call those "theo-logians" who doubt whether God is a possible concept and are of the opinion that logic is a hindrance to learning) should be, to put it none too elegantly, licking scientific boots. There are plenty of them who do it; often charming men of considerable erudition, like Dr. Smith.

Sumerian Discoveries

UR EXCAVATIONS Volume I, AL-'UBAID. By H. R. Hall and C. Leonard Woolley, with Chapters by C. J. Gadd and Sir Arthur Keith. New York: Oxford University Press. 1927. $15.

Reviewed by Ashton Sanborn

THIS volume, admirable in form and content, is the beginning of a series issued by the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania which will record the archæological results of their joint expedition to Mesopotamia. The fortunes of war, which in ancient days razed the famous cities of the Tigris-Euphrates valley, have rather ironically in modern time been the indirect cause of resurrecting some of them from the dust. Abraham's home town, Ur of the Chaldees as it is familiarily known from Old Testament history, is the principal site on which the joint expedition of the two museums has worked since 1919, resuming there investigations first made possible by the circumstances of the Crimean War and undertaken on behalf of the British Museum by J. E. Taylor in 1853. At Ur the recent discovery of royal burials, rich with much of their original funerary equipment still intact, has yielded a treasure of great intrinsic and artistic value, some parts of which have been published in *The Illustrated London News*, but which will ultimately appear in the series initiated by the present volume.

Tell al-'Ubaid (Mound of the Little Slave) is a subsidiary site in the desert about four miles west of Ur. On this inconspicuous knoll, a small natural "island" of river silt rising above the plain not far from the Euphrates as it ran in those days, surrounded by low-lying land, partly cultivated, partly swamp, fishermen and primitive husbandmen in the neolithic or possibly in the chalcolithic state of cultural development built their humble village of mud-plastered reeds and timber in the fourth millennium B. C., and here buried their dead with trust in a continued conscious existence of the individual after death evidenced by the presence in the graves of the household pots, the weapons, implements, and ornaments of daily life. The pottery is fortunately abundant (for pottery is one of the archæologist's reliable guides in establishing sequence in a group of graves), and Mr. Woolley presents a *corpus* of material which will undoubtedly remain of permanent value as a basis for the chronology of pre-Sumerian and early Sumerian vase forms. Furthermore, the pottery painted with geometric designs, here for the first time definitely assignable to the early Sumerian age, is significant because its similarity to the painted wares of other early civilizations, indicates that the Sumerians were included in that general community of culture which extended from Thessaly by way of Asia Minor through Turkestan and Eastern Persia even to China.

But who were the ancient Sumerians, and of what stock? Judging from the racial features of this people as shown both by their skeletal remains, —which Sir Arthur Keith of the Royal College of Surgeons has carefully studied,—and by their living descendants, the modern Mesopotamians, they combined the Iranian and Semitic strains, representing a transition between these two types but retaining rather more of the Iranian, as seen in the prevailing type of Persia today, than of the Semitic stock.

The most important historical document recovered from the site is a small stone foundation-tablet from the ruins of the mud-brick temple bearing an inscription stating that A-anni-padda, son of Mes-anni-padda, both Kings of Ur, built the temple for the goddess Nin-khursag, who was here the patroness of farm and dairy, worshipped by herdsmen in a shrine set far away from the city in the fields among the cows. This inscription reveals the First Dynasty of Ur as an historical reality and restores to the list of Sumerian rulers known hitherto the long lost name of A-anni-padda. The date of his reign, however, still remains a matter of conjecture, and must depend on the view taken of Babylonian chronology as a whole; Messrs. Woolley and Hall cannot accept Langdon's date of about 4000 B. C. for this king and conservatively suggest 3100 B. C. as the earliest date possible.

Of extraordinary interest are the decorations from the façade of the original temple. They include copper-sheathed and mosaic-covered columns from the portico; a large relief of copper, probably from above the entrance doorway, representing the lion-headed eagle, Imgig, grasping two stags by their tails; a series of copper bulls modelled in the round; the heads and foreparts of four large lions, of thin copper over a core of bitumen, which stood, perhaps, as guardians at the portal; copper reliefs of bulls from a frieze; and the remains of an inlay frieze of men and animals, the figures sometimes in limestone, sometimes in shell, representing pastoral scenes of priests milking the sacred cows of the goddess and storing the milk, of cattle advancing in file, and other scenes with mythological animals. These remarkable objects of art, unrivalled by anything of similar nature from any early Babylonian site, have been shared by the Museums in Baghdad, London, and Philadelphia.

Essays, Literary and Social

JOHN THE COMMON WEAL. By Henry Noble MacCracken. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press.

SOUTHERN LITERARY STUDIES. By C. Alphonso Smith. The same.

Reviewed by Arthur W. Colton

THE volume by President MacCracken contains his three Weil Lectures on American Citizenship. John the Common Weal is this citizen, this everybody or ordinary man, his interests, habits, and opinions. He is the foundation and everything comes home to him. But in the lecture called "A Complaint Against the Times" it is pointed out that he is neither satisfactory nor very satisfied, in respect to the practice of his social order or his political democracy. He has a rather poor opinion of his elected or appointed officials, and is none too aware of, or interested in, the fact that he is largely to blame for it.

The social situation in America is peculiar and the processes going on extraordinary enough, but I do not find President MacCracken's analysis especially profound, and doubt whether his judgments and his attitude very much represent the actual John. Public opinion means either the greatest common denominator of a hundred million opinions, or a majority of them, or the general impression you and I may gain from those opinions which are of a kind to make an impression on our own particular consciousness. By "public opinion" or "What John Thinks" we intend to mean the first and really mean the last.

Two tendencies more satisfactory, however, President MacCracken finds in contemporary American life: the one dealt with in the lectures called Leisure and Loyalties is trusteeship; the other, in the lecture called Neighborhood, is the citizen's relation to the smaller community in which he lives.

Trusteeship is properly an unsalaried service outside of one's daily work and personal occupation. President MacCracken prefers as a trustee an active rather than a retired business man, for the latter is apt to take the trust too busily. The best situation is where initiative lies with the executive, and the trustees are a body of authority and review. There are few places in this country without examples of trusteeship. Organizations of all kinds, associations of all sorts are in the hands of trustees, whatever name may be given them. There is perhaps more public service given by voluntary than by political bodies, and the character of the service is higher.

in limestone, sometimes in shell, representing pas-

to do as the good Samaritan did, namely to step in where you see you are needed. The essential is direct service in the things at hand. In his "Complaint against the Times" President MacCracken says that Vassar is opposed to the granting of honorary degrees. But, instead of regarding this position as high-minded refusal to use that convenient method of attracting donations, it might be regarded as an unneighborlike refusal to perform a service at hand. Most honorary degrees from the better universities have no interested purpose or effect. For the most part they are honorable honors, more distinctly such perhaps than any others in this country. To walk uprightly among temptations is a better example than to shy off from them. The honorary degree can be, and I suspect generally is, a social service. Our universities are serving the public—the better universities, if you like, and the better public—in more ways than by recitations and lectures.

For instance, the growing phenomenon of the University Presses, might have been listed among Dr. MacCracken's more cheering signs of the times. The Oxford is the great leader and example, but several American presses are issuing catalogues of immediate interest and increasing bulk — among them now the press of the University of North Carolina.

Professor Smith died in 1924, a known man in academic circles both here and abroad, an inspiring teacher to a generation at the Universities of North Carolina, and Virginia, and at Annapolis. This volume is a small collection of addresses and fugitive essays, nearly all of them on southern literature or southern men.

Academic circles are conservative, no doubt, and the South still more so. Professor Smith's is altogether the point of view of a generation gone. A book that starts off with two stanzas from Browning as a motto—from Browning at his most blatant in optimism—is "dated." "Greet the unseen with a cheer" is a Rotarian sentiment not appetizing to the critical nowadays. But indeed inspiring teachers of a generation ago were not at all of the *sursum corda* kind. I sat under one who was a grim pessimist, whose method of "debunking bunk" was as devastating as that of any disgusted contemporary one can think of. Youth catches power from power. Fire is fire whether it burns rubbish or warms the hands. You can light your own candle at either, and go your way to your own ends.

For Professor Smith as a critic one has to make allowances, but having made them, it is discoverable that his criticism is not all the popular commonplace of a vanished age. His classification of Poe's stories as A and B stories, is ingenious and seems to be true. In the A type ("Fall of the House of Usher," etc.) the lines of interest converge and culminate at the apex, whereas the B type of story has two equal sections or semicircles, that is, the mystery is developed in the first half and solved in the second. Poe was a very conscious technician. In fact he said so himself, very plainly, but we are only beginning to realize it. We have been mainly aware of his temperament, while he was mainly aware of his technique.

According to a despatch to the New York *Times*, after extended deliberations and much opposition which was led by Premier Poincaré, himself a member of the French Academy, the French Government has increased the pay of Academicians for the first time since 1795. Under the new decree the Academicians will receive annual salaries of 5,000 francs (about $200) each, and the life secretary will get 18,000 francs (about $720) annually in addition to his apartment.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Psychological Theory

PSYCHOLOGIES OF 1925. POWELL LECTURES IN PSYCHOLOGICAL THEORY. Edited by CARL MURCHISON. Worcester, Mass.: Clark University.

Reviewed by RALPH BARTON PERRY
Harvard University

IN the 1890's William James cried for a Galileo or a Lavoisier to lift psychology from its "flat descriptive level." Thirty-five years have passed, and the Messiah has not yet appeared, or at any rate none has appeared whose credentials are generally accepted. Perhaps the best proof that a branch of investigation has become a "science" is afforded by its ceasing to trouble itself about the matter. The doubtful sciences, such as history, economics, sociology and ethics, are those which are most insistent on being "scientific." Psychology evidently still belongs to this list. Its repeated declarations of independence, and its irreverent repudiations of that parental philosophy from which it sprang, argue that the weaning process is not yet completed.

The predicament of psychology does not consist merely in theoretical doubts. There is no science that is not afflicted with such doubts. Physics has no clear conception of the ultimate constitution of matter, or of the meaning of the attribute "physical"; biologists are divided as to the nature of life and the possibility of explaining it in physico-chemical terms. The predicament which distinguishes psychology from its sister-sciences is a divided and conflicting program of research. The work of a science does not begin to become fruitful and cumulative, until there is an established technique and a body of generally accepted laws. The title of the present volume means that psychologists are not even agreed on their problems, or on the kind of explanation which is to be regarded for the purpose of psychology as authentic and definitive. The Editor of the present volume expresses the belief that in psychology "experimental methods are largely instances of the more or less systematic theories of the experimenter." So long as that is the case it can scarcely be expected that the result arrived at by different investigators will be commensurable and systematic. Meanwhile, however, the demand for a second edition of this book, and the plans, already matured, for another volume of the same type in 1930, afford evidence both of the popular interest in psychology, and of the interest of psychologists in one another. If the much-needed Galileo or Lavoisier fails to appear, it will not be for lack of encouragement.

The "psychologies of 1925" are divided into "Behaviorism," represented by John B. Watson and Walter S. Hunter; "Dynamic" Psychology, represented by Robert S. Woodwarth; "Gestalt," represented by Kurt Koffka and Wolfgang Köhler; "Purposive," represented by Morton Prince and William McDougall: "Reaction," represented by Knight Dunlap; and "Structural," represented, or, rather, expounded, by Madison Bantley.

For Dr. Watson, Behaviorism is a reduction of human nature to inherited or unconditioned reflexes (to be observed in the infant), and conditioned reflexes or habits. The Watsonian Behaviorist, furthermore, "recognizes no such thing as mental traits, dispositions, or tendencies," and consigns "to the waste-basket the work of his predecessors." Professor Hunter is less uncompromising in his statements, and calls the study of behavior "anthroponany," in order to leave room for a "psychology" that shall study human nature "indirectly," through its "environment" (that is, its field of experience). Neither author meets the common objections against Watsonism: such, for example, as its failure to provide for inherited traits that mature after infancy, its failure to explain the higher types of learning to which the older principles of habit-formation do not appear to apply, and its "waste-basket" method of getting rid of traditional difficulties. Professor Woodwarth's "Dynamic" Psychology and Professor Dunlap's "Reaction" Psychology do not seem to be essentially different. They both conceive mind (at least for psychology) in terms of "stimulus" and "response," and thus ally themselves with behaviorism; they both construe response to include the experience privately observed and reported by the psychological subject, and so make terms with the introspectionist; they both emphasize complex unities of function and pattern, to appease the "Gestalt" School; they even have a kind word to say for "Purpose": their views, in other words, are eclectic and conciliatory. Professors Köhler and Koffka restate their well-known view that both overt behavior and introspectively observable experience are to be explained not as aggregations of elements, but as wholes ("configurations," "Gestalten") which so act as to complete themselves or maintain themselves in equilibrium. Dr. Prince and Professor McDougall both attack Watsonian Behaviorism, the former because it leaves out consciousness, the latter because it leaves out purpose. Professor Bentley, in the name of "Structuralism," pays a pious tribute to the refined introspective analysis which not long ago constituted the greater part of the work of psychology.

It is the passing of this static introspectionism, in which the mind is conceived as a manifold of subjective states, to be analyzed into elements and described in terms of attributes, that is the one clear fact that emerges from the present book. Even Professor Bentley believes that "Structuralism" "represents a closed chapter in psychological history." However much the authors of this book differ among themselves, there is an unmistakable likeness—at least, of vocabulary. "Behavior," "function," "process," "activity," "response,"—these are now the terms to conjure by. Otherwise, while the book is unquestionably interesting, it can scarcely be said to be illuminating. One reason for this is suggested by a chance remark of Professor Dunlap's. There are certain questions, he says, which "we can wisely leave to the philosophers, although among the philosophers we may include ourselves in our leisure moments." The writers of this book have not had enough leisure. The fact is that most of the questions on which they are divided are philosophical questions, and questions on which philosophers have for some years been spending their working hours. What is the difference between a psychical and a physical fact? What is purpose? Is the field of perception subjective and private, or objective and public? What is the relation of a physical object to perception? What is the relation of a mind to the organism in which it is "seated"? Although these and like questions are repeatedly raised in the present volume, there is surprisingly little evidence that its authors are familiar with the contemporary philosophical literature that has grown up around them. The result is that much of the theorizing of these psychologists is crude and amateurish, while none of it is comparable with the work that has been done on these underlying problems by James, Mach, Bergson, Dewey, Stout, Alexander, Husserl, Whitehead, Russell, Montague, Lovejoy, Nunn, and a dozen others that might be mentioned. While philosophers read psychology, it has become unfashionable for psychologists to read philosophy, even though, as in the present volume, they devote their leisure to the same questions.

A DRAMA IN SIX ACTS IN VERSE

BY EDMOND ROSTAND

TRANSLATED BY BASIL DAVENPORT

NEW HAVEN: YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON: HUMPHREY MILFORD: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
MDCCCCXXVII

One of the Fifty Best Books of the Year Selected by the American Institute of Graphic Arts.

The Bowling Green

(In the absence of Mr. Morley, Mr. Bacon's sonnets have been substituted for the usual Bowling Green.)

The Dyspeptic Muse

AN AMERICAN STATESMAN
(R. M. S. Emetic)

HE was the heir of all the Vander Donks,
Also a senator. Such bliss is mine
I deemed him from his shirt-front's ample shine
A steward, and said blithely: "Bring a Bronx."
In human shell-games I don't know my conchs.
He proved quite human and I bought the wine
Men call illegal and the Gods divine,
"And drank the same with reminiscent honks."
And he was reading Lawrence, who, he said,
Made to his mind a definite appeal.
He seemed to like the tale of blood and steel
And the launching of the Arab thunder bolt.
"Revolt in the Desert" touched his heart and head—
In what a desert might that man revolt?

OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS

Keep us, O Lord, from poaching in strange ponds,
And preaching priceless fundamental rot
To Chinamen, who wish that we would not.
Far rather let us stick to stocks and bonds,
Mammon that only with the swag absconds.
I see no virtue in merely being shot
By the bloody Cantonese, in some strange plot
Hatched at the backs of Soviet beyonds.
Oh let us mind our business. We have kept
Our brother much too long, and he is tired
Of our attentions which are not desired,
Profitless to him. Our prying eyes have motes
Which render restless hands a bit inept
Save at their natural task of cutting throats.

THERE BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD—

I'm an old soldier now. Twenty campaigns
On all the more excitable frontiers
Have taught me things much older than my years—
Not that I reckon them among my gains.
I do not count so much on brawn or brains.
Either or both may fail you, it appears.
I have been beaten, and have heard the jeers
Of my inferiors—something which explains
The definite scorn which I begin to feel
For victory. I have won too, and I know
How Fate delivers or puts by a blow,
Reasonless, rhymeless. That I suppose is why
When the crowd hisses, or the trumpets peal,
I think in either case it might be I.

A DANGEROUS COAST

These later nights I have seen lights I like not
On that forlorn shore that I do not know.
The leadsmen heave, but the armed plummets strike not.
Though they have let a hundred fathom go.
Yet in the dark far off I hear surf pounding
On reefs whose nature I dare not surmise.
And I gaze landward toward the hollow-sounding
Roar, for there is no comfort in the skies.
I am weary. What if there are empires yonder?
The sheer fatigue and labor of the deep,
Where like a spent bird with the wind I wander,
Have robbed me of what hopes were mine to keep.
Yet once I had the manhood to ensue them.
These coasts are savage. Why did I come to them?

A CENTRAL AMERICAN POLITICIAN

You then were what the English call a "clark,"
And we, less elegantly, style a clerk.
I fancy that you did but little work
In that old Bluefields warehouse dim and dark.
You gave no sign of any vivid spark
Of spirit that your homely tasks might irk.
Nor had you any faintest ray or quirk
Of humor for a Northerner to mark.
And fifteen years have led you through what scenes,
Landings of troops, and battles in the streets,
Assassinations, onsets, and retreats,
Financial dickers, constitutions mended
Under the eyes of dubious marines,
Whose meaning you have never comprehended.

LEONARD BACON.

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The Dawn Man

PRIMITIVE ART. By FRANZ BOAS. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1928.

Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN

FRANZ BOAS begins his treatise on Primitive Art with the indispensable certainty that there is no such thing as "primitive man," but only man primitively conditioned. The condition which is definitive is man's inferior knowledge of the objective world. Interiorly the Dawn man is even as you and I, or in Dr. Boas's own words "the causes that make primitive man think as he does are equally present in our own minds." Boas repudiates the idea entertained by some of his contemporaries, of a close woven historical sequence of art forms and cultural patterns. Dr. Boas is, in fact, singularly free from those theoretical prepossessions which beset the archæologist attempting to present the art of primitive society. He sees it as, before everything else, human phenomona, subject to the alterations, fluctuations, and interruptions of the social function. Boas begins with fixity of form as the prerequisite to an esthetic ideal, which is inextricably bound up with technical experience. "There is nothing to show," he says, "that the mere contemplation of nature or of natural objects, develops a sense of fixed form. Neither have we any proof that a definite stylistic form develops . . . purely . . . of the imagination of the workman." On this basis of the inseparability of technical excellence from esthetic standardization, tribal arts are shown developing artistic expressiveness and technical virtuosity in the male or female line according as the material provided by the natural environment falls logically into the hands of men or women.

Another clarifying distinction made by Boas, shown as determining the quality of the art product, is its purposefulness as an end or a means. Thus a design intended to ornament a thing of use will be executed with the utmost technical precision, for says Boas—and this is an item that writers attempting to depict the life of primitive man should keep well in mind—"among uncontaminated primitives slovenly workmanship does not occur." But if the design or the article decorated is intended as a message, a communication, a temporary link in a chain of ideation, its workmanship will exhibit the transitory nature of its employment. Again, Boas calls attention to the disregard of the decorator who works as an artist in design, on skin or cloth, of the ultimate disposition of the material, comparing the Plains Indian painting a complete design on a Buffalo hide which will later be interrupted or partially cut away in the making of a box or a pouch, to our own method of designing a web of cloth which in the making of a dress will be entirely disregarded. By such clarifications he escapes the theoretical *cul-de-sac* of the ethnologist whose method has been to attempt to fit a great many museum specimens into a predetermined pattern of creative activity.

Possibly the book would have been more acurately described as a study of primitive design than by the comprehensive term Art, for 298 of its 356 pages are confined to decorative design, and only fifty pages given to literature, music, and the dance, nothing whatever being said of mimetics and formal drama. Of primitive literature, the best is said of poetry, of which Dr. Boas has made one of the most important collections. What he has to say of it relates chiefly to form, and to the item of overlapping rhythms which is further exemplified in the chapters on design. Probably modern art, both in textile design and in literature, has been best served by such recent studies of the orchestration of many rhythms, rhythms of color and form and symmetry, of tone and rhyme and movement, made accessible to us through the work of American researchers in the field of Amerindian art. For the beginner in this field Dr. Boas's comment is warmly recommended. Equally the special chapters on the Art of the North Pacific Coast, a field in which Dr. Boas is the outstanding authority, will serve as a model for intensive study of local areas.

It is impossible within ordinary reviewing space to list all the practical excellencies of Dr. Boas's book. Its omissions are at any rate such as will make for simplification without at the same time, setting up any false measures of relative value. Of the studies of literary form, inadequate as they are, it can be readily admitted that nothing has been said which a more comprehensive inquiry will compel resaying.

FEED ME

By JOHN

I AM sick of "psychology." I can't move without somebody confronting me with the word. I go to my office, the phone rings—"Dr. Watson, the Philadelphia *Blade* is on the wire and they want to know whether you ever saw a robin get drunk from eating decayed china berries?" It rings again—"The New York *Ledger* wants to come in for an interview on 'Whether women dress for men or for each other.'" "The St. Louis *Herald* wants to know whether you agree with Count Keyserling when he says that American men are being made neuters by American women—the Boston *Times* wants to interview you on 'Whether easy divorces will finally do away with marriage'—the Pittsburgh *News* wants to know whether children who grow up without being kissed by their parents will know how to neck when they grow older—the Chicago *Sun* wants to know how your psychology differs from that of the Russian physiologist, Pavlov." I tell them that it doesn't differ and they say that it must differ or else they won't be able to get a story out of it. "The Associated Newspaper Syndicate wants to find out from you whether you think behaviorism is ruining the moral fibre of the nation and if not why not?"

The world seems to be psychology mad. On every side we hear that so-and-so has written a marvelous psychological play, that someone else has written a deep psychological novel, that still another author has written a thrilling psychological mystery story. I immediately fall for the last since I love mystery stories. I start to read it and wonder when the psychology is to begin. Over on the last page—

JOHN B. WATSON

maybe it was the next to the last—psychology is brought in like the gods in the old miracle plays. The author got his plot into such a jam that only a *deus ex machina* could do the extricating. A charming woman gently reared from infancy with no opportunity for learning the technique of villainy is seen driving a car at breakneck speed towards a cliff. The heroine has been made *hors de combat* by a blow from a monkey wrench which could have been wielded only by the village blacksmith. The villainess evidently means to jump to safety from the moving car and send the sweet injured heroine hurtling down the cliff. It turns out that the pa of the gently reared villainess had been something of a crook. Although he died or disappeared shortly after the birth of the villainess, nevertheless, she inherited his tendencies. Where did the author get his psychology or his biology if you prefer? From the worn-out threadbare theory of Lombroso, now more than half a century old, that children of criminals turn out to be criminals. Bred in the atmosphere of crime and in the technique of crime—how could they be other than criminals when they grow up?

I go to a psychological play. It turns out that the much man-handled heroine who had only a doting rich father to guide her, sees a man who might have functioned as a real bridegroom. Her inferiority complex immediately overwhelms her (imagine that of a well browned New York flapper) and she pines away for months and months and, just as the hero who has been especially imported for this interview, pins a rose in his lapel, she dies. Of course there was a consultation of psychologists and psychiatrists. She died from lack of will to live. Her inferiority complex robbed her of all incentives. I have searched into human nature quite a bit and I have never found a character like this. Any New York woman who has lived the life of the heroine would snatch the hair off her hero's head in her haste to take him. And would the fact that she was no longer a virgin deter her? No, such women were buried with Queen Victoria—as a matter of fact they never lived. Actual observations of life shows that human inferiorities never appear suddenly. They are traceable throughout the life history of the individual, back to infancy. Here again we find the author letting down the god, psychology, suddenly on his stage. This time not to get his character out of a mess but to make a plot possible for his play. If he had talked to a good psychologist (and I do not refer to D. H. Lawrence) there would have been no play and at least one behaviorist would have no chance for an hour's nap in the early evening.

* * *

A book just out is sent me—"Won't you please review this strong psychological novel?"

It is a story about a neurasthenic French family. The chief character, a girl much in love with a sick doctor to whom she has never spoken, is badly hemmed in by her father. She "accidentally on purpose" pushes him down the steps one evening and kills him. She can't marry the doctor—he doesn't love her and he knew all the time she's pushed her daddy down the stairs. She goes crazy.

If some good psychiatrist turned novelist (again I do not speak of D. H. Lawrence) had written this up accurately I would have been both interested and instructed. But the writer was playing on an instrument he knew very little about.

Would a writer today, ignorant of chemistry, talk about putting x, y and z together and producing a new compound B? No, he would be laughed at as a fool. Would a writer ignorant of the Mendelian law in biology talk about the physical characteristics he would get in the first and second generations if he mated A with B? No, he wouldn't dare. Yet authors and playwrights, just as ignorant of psychology, have no hesitation about mixing psychological ingredients and producing some new structure. For example, making the character in the end go insane or commit suicide. Why?—because the public is stupidly ignorant of psychology, far more ignorant of it than of chemistry and physics. The author can get away with it. The author himself is not wholly to blame. He is as ignorant as his public that there is *something known* about psychology today and that he'd better leave it alone until he has had time to study it.

* * *

A host of literary and dramatic alchemists have grown up in every country since Freud gave us his devil of an unconscious. I don't know any way of escaping the avalanche of such books. I suppose time will cure it. Education of the public will help. We all try to be so sophisticated. We think it is a sign of culture and sophistication to read the books and plays of psychopathic authors about still more psychopathic characters. I think such books have their place, but I want them written by a healthy man (or woman) who knows his psychopaths the way Sinclair Lewis knew his Main Street or his Elmer Gantry, the way Anita Loos knew her blonde and brunette stenographers, or the way Knut Hamsun knew his Isak and Inger.

Before I die I want to see one good author and one good playwright get a behavioristic background. I want him to take man as a piece of squirming protoplasm and make him interesting — without

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ON FACTS

B. WATSON

overstepping the bounds of natural science in doing it.

I am not asking any literary man to go to school and become a technical behaviorist. I am challenging him to spend two evenings on behaviorism and get the drift of its common sense position.

I'll even summarize the behaviorist's point of view to save him thirty minutes of the two hours.

We look upon the human infant as we look upon any other mass of protoplasm. He inherits his shape, size, coloring. He belongs to the group known as *homo sapiens*—this is why he walks upright and has two arms, two legs, ten fingers, and ten toes and not wings and hoofs. He is born a squirming mass without instincts, without patterned behavior. Due to his bodily form and the complexity, richness, arrangement, and flexibility of his neuromuscular system and to his sensitivity to a wide range of stimuli he can put on sets of habits (conditionings) vastly different from those of any other animal. The chief difference between him and his blood brothers the chimpanzee, orangoutang, and gorilla, is his ability to learn how to talk aloud and to talk to himself ("think or laryngate"—some people call it "introspection"—others call it "consciousness"). If you take this squirming mass at birth you can build almost any kind of behavior patterns into it. In other words, we are enviromental products. Now you can make of this product a religious mystic like Mrs. Eddy or a militant fundamentalist like Dr. Stratton. You can make of him a play boy like the Prince of Wales, an austere, unverbalized puritan like Mr. Coolidge, a Shakesperian pugilist like Mr. Tunney, an author like Jack London, or an actor like Mr. Sothern (which God forbid). There is almost no limitation to the ways we can shape him if we only start early enough.

Now we contend that an author should build his characters to suit his plan, but he should build them real and the genesis of the personality of his characters should be apparent. But personalities should grow out of environmental conditioning. The author has no real need to fall back upon the claptrap of mysticism, inheritance of ancestral traits, the unconscious, telepathy, spiritualism, and the like. There are no mysterious individuals in real life; why can't we keep them out of books? I don't argue for somber realism—Jules Verne's type of stuff could still be written—so could the "Connecticut Yankee" or "Tom Sawyer," "Peter Pan" and "Treasure Island." But when we write about life—about how people live together, let's weave accuracy of observation into our story or plot.

With this behavioristic background I next ask the author to plan his book, select his characters from real life, and follow them about for six months. I beseech him to put nothing in the mouths of his characters but their own words, to portray nothing of situations but those he finds his subjects in, and nothing of actions but the acts he sees his subjects performing.

Such characters are at hand in every variety. A dozen times a month in consulting work I find far more interesting material than I find in plays or read about in novels. I see life as it is lived, but I can't write it up so as to interest the public. Any skilful author could both observe the material and put it into words. The material isn't hard to get—one doesn't have to be a behaviorist to get it—all one has to do is to expose oneself to observation.

Modern writers write beautifully—never before has there been such skill and charm in the use of words—I quarrel only with their material. Laziness in making observations and a scornfulness about the need of observed human material are my chief charges against the literary gentlemen. Some authors like some artists haven't quite outgrown the idea that their hair must be long, that their clothes don't have to be spick and span, that they must gin up, love all the ladies (or the gentlemen), live in a dirty flat, and sit up half the night talking to people who are in about the same stage of adolescence as they themselves are in. But the notion that writers must go the pace is dying out. Contact of authors and artists with business men is helping—writers are becoming business men. As writers get more human they cease to spell literature and art with capitals. They will more readily admit that they can get help by careful observation of actual people. They depend less and less upon their own warped and distorted and often pathological and verbal organization (they call it "imagination") and more and more upon their eyes and ears.

I do want to say one word about the modern craze for biographies! How can we keep people from writing them!? How can a thoughtful person get anything but amusement out of them, especially out of the psychological or psycho-analytic biographies? Many biographers take their characters back to infancy and childhood, in order to secure a certain continuity in the life trends of the person biographed. View any of these biographies now, in the light of what the behaviorist has taught us about conditioning and slanting in infancy and their inaccuracies become apparent at once. In the first place, no one can write a worth while biography unless one knows something about the infancy of the person written about. Biographies based on incidental facts or public achievement may make interesting reading. They may even be good literature. They may be accurate histories of a few events in the life of the person biographed, but they are not biographies. To write a biography one needs to be a Boswell and even a Boswell can write only one biography. To grind "biographies" out two or three to the year on the basis of the flimsy records we have, even of living people—not to speak of those long dead—is a pedantic and humorous, if not commercial undertaking.

Autobiographies are even worse. I don't see how anyone except a very naive person could write up his own life. Everyone has entirely too much to conceal to write an honest one—too much he has never learned to put into words even if he would conceal nothing. Think of chronicling your adolescent acts day by day—your four years of college—your selfishness—the way you treat other people—your pettiness—your day-dreams of sex! Autobiographies are written either to sell the good points about oneself or to vanquish one's critics. If an autobiographer honestly turned himself inside out day by day for six months, he would either commit suicide at the end of the time or else go into a blissful oblivescent depression. No wife could possibly read the autobiography of her husband. No husband could read the true life of his wife. No parent could read the autobiography of his child or the child of its parents.

Possibly this natural science conception of human life will some day permeate the theatre too and save us from much of the drivel we have to listen to on the stage and see on the screen. Of course, the behaviorist doesn't have to go to the theatre or to the movie. He doesn't go often as a matter of fact. But the tragedy of it all is that the human being is an interesting and fascinating animal when adequately portrayed. I believe that a real human being can be dramatized. And when he is I think real actors can be developed to portray him. The stage is still back in the days of the old miracle plays—most of the producers and actors are children. To get anything new we will have to breed a new race of actors who are willing to go back and study man in a new kind of way—as a new kind of animal, rather than listen either to what the author of the play or to what the professional producer has to say.

Armchair methods will no longer work in any of these fields which, ultimately, are and must be psychological. We had to give up armchair methods in the field of animal psychology. We had to give them up in behaviorism. Wouldn't it be interesting to try to give up the armchair method in literature and art? Can't we train our budding young authors and dramatists to observe human life—tell them what to look for and then give them training in the field before they try out their words on us? I contrast this with some of the old ideas—it has been thought by many that the author must "live" and live violently—sow wild oats and all but go through the gutter. I don't object to anybody's "living" and I am not a prohibitionist. But there is a difference between being a reveler and observing a group of revelers. I for one have to be sober when I observe, when I gather my "experience." I think every good observer has to do his drinking after his days' work is done.

No "imagination" is good unless every word is conditioned by actually observed events. We are suffering from the writing of men and women who are organized verbally only instead of having their word organization built upon eye-hand action. If this does not sound convincing read the column of the next musical critic on some performance. The only instrument he can play on is his larynx and the only music he can produce is a symphony of words and yet he tries to criticize the performance. The only thing he has any right to say is "I like it" or "I don't like it," but the newspaper won't pay him for that so he has to write a column. I am willing to "let him live" only because I believe Barnum was a great philosopher and as each new "sucker" is born he wants to be fooled about culture until he can—if ever—get on his own feet. If I were in a particularly pessimistic vein tonight I would be equally abusive of literary and dramatic critics. "Critics" remind me of my boyhood days. I grew up in the South largely with negro playmates. There I used to watch the negro mothers chew up a morsel of food and then pass it on to their one-year olds. It seems to me that the literary public and theatrical public are about at this level of growth. We all have heard time and again—"I won't go to that show because——says it is rotten." "I didn't bother to read that book because ——says it is no good." If we all could reach the point where we are not only able, but willing to chew solid food there would be fewer bad books and plays written.

John B. Watson is the outstanding exponent of the doctrine of behaviorist psychology. As lecturer, editor, and author he has made his theories familiar to a large public. Mr. Watson is at present Vice-President of the J. Walter Thompson Company, a lecturer at the New York School for Social Research, and Editor of the Journal of Experimental Psychology. *Among his books are "Animal Education"; "Homing and Related Activities of Birds," "Behavior," "Psychology from the Standpoint of the Behaviorist," "Behaviorism," and his recent volumes, "Psychological Care of Infant and Child," and "Ways of Behaviorism" (Harpers).*

The following is a brief list of some of the more important works in the field of Behaviorism: "The Religion Called Behaviorism," by Louis Berman (Boni & Liveright); "Behaviorism and Psychology," by A. A. Roback (Cambridge: University Bookstore); "Behaviorism," by Mehran K. Thomson (Appleton), and "Economics and Human Behavior," by P. Sargent Florence (Norton); "The Misbehaviorists," by Harvey Wickhara (Vinal).

On the occasion of the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Bunyan at Elstow, near Bedford, Charles G. Harper, the well-known writer of topographical works on various parts of England, has given us a book descriptive of the countryside which we read about in "Pilgrim's Progress." It has long been known that Bunyan wrote of the places and people with which he was actually familiar, but it is a singular fact that until the author of this book came to an intensive study of Bunyan's Bedfordshire, no one had ever attempted a thorough classification, and many of the places mentioned remained wholly unidentified among them the famous "Slough of Despair."

The book is illustrated by the author from old-time prints and pictures, and is published by Cecil Palmer of London.

A man who says he has never read a book has become owner of the well known publishing firm of Methuen & Co., negotiations for the sale of which have been going on here for several months.

He is George Roberts, a retired London business man, formerly director and manager of a famous firm of cracker makers, and the price he paid is stated to be in the neighborhood of 300,000 pounds.

"I have bought the shares of Methuen & Co., first as an investment, and secondly, as a matter of private interest. . . . I have never read a book. I have no time," he said to an interviewer.

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The University Presses

IT would perhaps be too much to say that Americans have at last become adult in their reading, for while there have always been intelligent minorities in the United States there is still a majority that prefers its books thin and hot or pink and succulent. Nevertheless there has been a sweep, very striking to those who have to observe, toward reading that is more solid, more thoughtful, more witty, more genuinely emotional—toward non-fiction and good fiction, specifically toward biography, science, and history. And this sweep, if not by millions, is at least country wide. There are more kinds of good books published and more good books read in the United States now than ever before, more also in proportion to the growth of population.

In this change of taste the University Presses have had an honorable part. They have carried on where the university stopped. They have made possible the publication, and, what is equally important, the distribution, of those works of indispensable scholarship which by their very nature can circulate only among the elect, and they have gone further and become sponsors for important books of an interest as great as their authority. Originally conceived as a means of publishing what could not be made commercially successful, they have entered into a healthy competition with the commercial publishers which has broadened and strengthened the market for all serious books. Their reputation throughout the reading world is already commensurate with the universities that gave them birth.

Believing that their influence will steadily increase, we have asked certain of the men responsible for their direction to set forth their conception of the scope and future of the university presses. Their statements follow.

H. S. C.

FROM HARVARD

LONG before the older universities recognized the value of a Press as part of their service to the world of scholarship, President William Rainey Harper in his far-sighted provision for the new University of Chicago, placed publication upon an equal footing with teaching and research. Once and for all, he defined the scope of a university press to be the production of scholarly books, an attempt to give the results of research to the scholars who can make use of them.

University presses, in the pursuit of this purpose, have got pretty far away from the mere issuing of doctoral dissertations printed in haphazard fashion on wood pulp stock and bound in paper covers. They have invaded the whole field of serious books. In fact, it would seem that they have taken to themselves all the functions of the commercial publisher except the publication of contemporary imaginative fiction. A brief could possibly be made out for their entering upon even that; but it would be a purely academic exercise, since none of them is likely to undertake such work. The point of view, then, rather than the activities of the university press, distinguishes it from commercial publishing houses. Its main question must always be, not whether a manuscript can be made into a profitable book, but whether it is a valid contribution to scholarship. Such an attitude, however, should not connote the idea that university presses are charitable institutions in which the certainty of small sales is accounted a virtue, and where the officials have heart failure at the sight of a manuscript that promises to appeal to more than three or four hundred people.

Along with this last idea often goes the notion that a university press is a rather amateurish affair, affording convenient posts for pleasant young graduates of bookish tastes, a disinclination for teaching, and a lack of business sense. As a matter of fact, a university press offers one of the most challenging opportunities in the business world and demands resourceful energy as great as that necessary for success in any other business. Consider only three of the obstacles it has to overcome. In the first place, the typographical difficulties connected with the manufacture of a scholarly book are far greater than those encountered in printing a novel or a volume of essays, while always in the background lurks the demon of high costs, whose form may swell and swell like the genii in the Arabian Nights, until its black cloud covers all the blue sky of profits. The book trade, furthermore, has usually been reluctant to carry any considerable stock of these books, and with very good reason. Thirdly, the audience in this country for university press books other than texts is probably not more than a hundred thousand people. I really think it is limited to fifty thousand, but on this occasion I want to be very liberal.

This low estimate has always called forth protests, especially from authors and from those "high-powered, high-salaried" advertising solicitors of both sexes who frequently bring glimpses of the Great Metropolis to the academic bowers of Cambridge. The representatives of the magazines, are, of course, negligible; but the authors with much definiteness point out two groups of customers whom they say the Presses have never adequately canvassed. The first is the libraries of the country. I am well aware that the American Library Directory lists nearly nine thousand institutions, but I am certain there are scarcely 750 of them, less than ten per cent that buy more than one or two of the average university press publications each year. And of the 750 there are only about fifteen that could reasonably be expected to buy every publication of any individual Press as a matter of course. The second group of "sure customers" is made up of the graduates of the universities. It is easy to imagine that even a moderately popular book, written (let us say) by a Harvard professor, and published by a department of Harvard University, will appeal to at least ten per cent. of the Harvard graduates, and that therefore there ought to be a potential sale of from five to six thousand copies of every Harvard book before advertisements go out to the general public at all. But practical experience—in every university press, so far as I can learn—proves that the graduates as graduates are the worst possible set of prospects. No; selling books is not raising an endowment, and university publishing cannot be founded and supported on sentimentality.

Nevertheless, in spite of handicaps of every sort—editorial, manufacturing, and selling—the university presses thus far established have amply justified their existence. There is no doubt that much of the quickened interest in serious reading, much of the enlarged market for non-fiction, is to be credited to their courage in publishing books of solid worth that make the results of research known to the average man. Even more noticeable is the effect that university presses have had in raising the standards of book printing. Mr. Rollins at Yale, Mr. Rogers and Mr. Wilson at Harvard, Mr. Warde at Princeton, Mr. Macfarland at Chicago, have all brought it about that no University is ready to set its imprint upon a poorly made book. The general trade has followed the lead, the public has demanded higher performance, and doubtless we shall come before long to a position where ordinary trade books will be pleasant to look at.

What the future holds for the Presses is an interesting speculation. Some will quite naturally find it impossible to continue, but such a conclusion need not be a disgraceful admission by any means. On the other hand, many universities ought to be able to make a considerable success with a small list intensively cultivated; the gratifying achievements of the many new small firms in New York City would indicate that it is not "growing like a tree in bulk" that inevitably makes for publishing success. Eventually, too, the university presses will lose the greatest handicap under which most of them have worked from the beginning: that is, the effect of the World War in cutting off practically all except the American market. It will be worth while seeing what can be done in the way of larger editions, lowered costs of production, and wider distribution, when once more the scholars of France, Germany, and Italy are able to buy our books.

DAVID T. POTTINGER,
Harvard University Press.

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The University Presses

FROM CHICAGO

"THOSE who manage university presses," according to Christopher Morley in his otherwise trustworthy introduction to "Shelfward Ho," "lead the happiest of lives." A request from the Editor of the *Saturday Review* for a statement of the scope and future of university presses offers an opportunity to qualify this statement to some extent and perhaps protect the calling from the serious inundation with which Mr. Morley threatens it.

University presses are primarily concerned with scholarly publishing. There are so many difficult problems inherent in the very nature of scholarly publishing that Mr. Morley's picture of uniform bliss must be qualified to include a few dark and cloudy days for those who manage university presses. An enumeration of some of these difficulties in one field of scholarly publishing—the report of original research—may help to create a clearer understanding of the function of university presses and of the other agencies through which such publishing is accomplished.

Publication is the final and often the most tiresome stage of scholarship and research. The investigator, after finishing his labors, is faced with the necessity of carefully preparing the description of his experiment, the detailed data, observations, and conclusions, for a permanent record which may be readily available to all scientific workers for verification and for use in extending research one step further into the field of the unknown. He is faced not only with the preparation of such manuscripts but also with the necessity of finding some agency willing to receive it and to pay the costs of printing and distributing or publishing it.

So long as the number of such reports of investigations was not large, their publication offered no great difficulties. But the number has increased so rapidly (even since 1900) that it is difficult to give an adequate picture of the number of such contributions to science and scholarship. Competent scholars estimate that in the field of biology alone in 1926 there were some 40,000 investigations of significance reported throughout the world. Extend the number for other fields of science and education, and it will be apparent that scholarly publication becomes a serious financial problem.

Costs of printing have increased enormously since 1900, and particularly the costs of intricate tabular, statistical, and illustrated material which is so necessary in scholarly output. At the same time the fields of science have divided and specialized into increasingly smaller and smaller fields of effort, and the economic problem is thus further complicated by a diminishing constituency for most of the published product.

Academies and scientific societies have started innumerable journals and transactions containing reports of original research. Universities have financed thousands of periodicals and books containing the report of research of local institutions. The 40,000 biological contributions referred to before actually appeared in 5,000 different publications, creating a secondary problem of bibliography, which has been solved in this particular case by an abstract journal called Biological Abstracts, inaugurated and financed for five years to give the individual scientist in the biological field a summary of exploration in the entire subject and also in his own specialized field.

Educational institutions have created university presses in the last twenty-five years to specialize in the publication and distribution of all kinds of scholarly material, including the reports of original research. The essential idea of such organizations is not new, but has existed almost since the invention of printing. The first printers of France, Gering, Krantz, and Friburger, came from Germany in 1469 at the invitation of the University of Paris and in one of the halls of the Sorbonne, as members of the University, licensed and regulated by it in the same way as their predecessors of the manuscript professions, practised their new art, issuing the texts and learned publications of this important University. The great institutions, Oxford and Cambridge University presses, were organized at an early time in the history of printing and have served the scholarly world long and well.

The University presses, in view of the economic difficulties of the kind of publishing which they exist to serve, deserve admiration at least for their bravery. With limited resources they are achieving some progress in building sounder distribution of scholarly material and in realizing efficiencies in the instruments of distribution which decrease the burden of scholarly publishing to the institutions they represent and to the scholarly world. The organization with which the writer is connected publishes regularly fourteen journals in as many fields of scholarly investigation and eighty to one hundred books per year.

There are several promising factors on the horizon.

1. The number of readers of books bearing the imprint of university presses is increasing. This growing confidence must be safeguarded by aggressive allegiance to quality in the selection of new titles. Scholarship must be original and authoritative, but it must not be dull. Only by deserving increased sales and resources can university presses expect further growth in buyers.

2. There is a possibility also of the extension of the market by a new kind of scholarly book. The increasing specialization in so many fields of investigation has created a real need for interpretation of the results of specific investigations prepared for workers in other fields of science, and for inquiring readers not in educational circles. Eminent scientists feel that the rapid march of science will be definitely checked in the immediate future, if an attempt is not made by such statements to bring each item of knowledge into its place in the larger scheme of information. The university press through its intimate touch with scientific investigation is able to supply this need by authoritative books. Such books, with rather wide-selling possibilities in some cases, are already appearing in the lists of some university presses.

3. There is a hopeful sign of exchange of experience, information, and co-operation among university presses which should contribute to efficiency in the solution of their problems.

DONALD P. BEAN.
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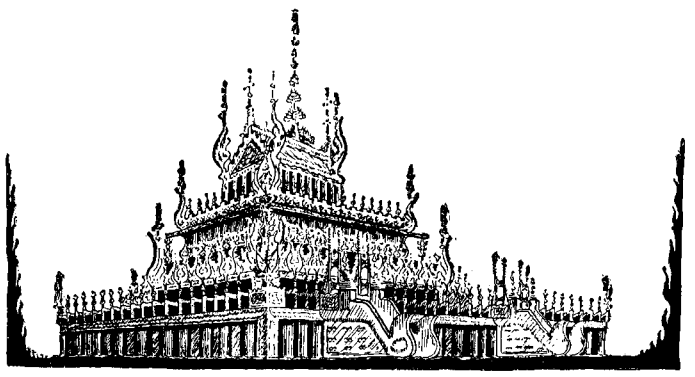

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By Elisha K. Kane

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The University Presses

FROM YALE

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, when the automobile was still a somewhat startling innovation, there were many Americans ready to argue that the operation of these newcomers upon our roads should be very strictly limited in many ways and that each should be preceded on the public highways, as were other engines such as road rollers, by a man carrying a red flag. At that time also there were many who, if asked about the possibilities open to universities of the United States in the field of publication, would have quoted with approval, as well as with amusement, the old jest that "a university press was an organization whose function was to publish books which no one would read"; many who felt that the work of a university press should be limited to the printing of catalogues, reports, and other bulletins for the institution whose name it bore, and to the publication for it of theses written by its graduate students, of lectures delivered within its halls, and of the results of research carried on in its library and laboratories.

Ten years later Sir William Osler, in the course of an address in New Haven, commented enthusiastically on the decision of some of our American university presses not to confine themselves to such work; and put into words the ideals and ambitions of their directors in determining to broaden the field of their activities when he described these enlarged activities as "University Extension Work of the finest kind."

Since then there has been an increase both in the number of our American university presses, and also in the reputation which they enjoy. It may be argued that this is due in part to the fact that a greater number of Americans are now interested in books concerning history, literature, biography, philosophy, evolution, psychology, religion, science and art than there were even a dozen years ago. It should, however, be admitted that this growing demand for authoritative works in such fields has in recent years been encouraged by American university presses through their publication of volumes dealing with such subjects in a manner calculated to arouse and sustain general interest: instead of being discouraged through their refusal to issue any except severely technical works in any field. In the meantime they have not been unmindful of their responsibility to the world of scholarship for the publication of such technical works, possessing but a limited appeal and therefore financially unprofitable, which general publishers cannot, in fairness to their stockholders, finance.

⁂

Our American university presses have, however, in a number of instances at least, found that they could best meet this responsibility if they recognized the fact that they owe a duty also to the world of letters, and to the public at large, by being on the alert to publish in increasing measure books of wider general interest and of broader significance than were usually associated in the public mind, less than a generation ago, with the product of a university. As they have become better known throughout the country through the publication of such works they have found that they were able to distribute to better advantage than formerly volumes of a more technical character, as well as books of more general appeal. This more effective, and in some cases strikingly successful, distribution of their publications has been, of course, of benefit alike to the authors, to the general public, and to the university presses themselves, since every dollar earned by the latter from the sales of one book enables them to meet the deficit inevitably resulting from the publication of another which can only be sold to a comparatively small group of readers, and which must often be priced at a much lower figure than manufacturing cost would justify, in order to enable libraries to acquire copies for their collections.

In the light of the developments summarized above the possibilities open to our American university presses for increased future usefulness seem almost endless and are certainly full of promise. Publishers who are not allied with any university could not, if they would, to-day limit the activities of university presses to the publication of theses, volumes of lectures and technical works. They would not, if they could, seek to restrict thus unwisely the development and growth of university presses in this country which have played their part in increasing the number of book buyers, and in upholding the best traditions of publishing; a profession which they have entered with the ideal of rendering public service rather than with any thought or desire to make financial profits. Their entry has not been to the disadvantage of the general publisher because in the field of university publication, which must always be carried on under Faculty control, emphasis will naturally be placed chiefly on the educational value of the books to be issued rather than on the probable sales which can be effected or on the possible financial return. In their consideration of any manuscripts submitted to a university press the last question which should be asked by its Faculty advisers is, "What will it cost to issue this in book form?" and the first, "What service will be rendered by its publication?"

This does not imply that university presses can or should publish any volume without counting the cost carefully, or be prepared to accept manuscripts for publication without reference to their ability to make adequate distribution of the finished volumes. They have, however, an advantage in the field of publishing by reason of the fact that they do not have to satisfy any group of shareholders or partners by making a financial profit on each year's operations: even though in their work to-day most of them, because of inadequate endowment, labor under the disadvantage of having to make every dollar do the work of two or more in their efforts to make both ends at least approximately meet. One other advantage which university presses possess lies in the fact that our universities have proved to be among the most permanent of our institutions. Under these circumstances their presses can reasonably count upon longer continuity of existence than even the oldest and strongest of publishers in the business world outside. For this very reason they should plan not just for the present, but for the far distant future and should especially concern themselves with a far-sighted program to promote disinterestedly and present effectively works which advance thought on the problems of our nation, both at home and in its foreign relations.

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To any who may still be surprised at the broadening activities of American university presses in the field of publication or who may be wondering if there will be an increase in the number of such organizations in the future, I would commend these words of an American author, who some years ago wrote of the founding and early struggles of one of these presses:

> The world of books is the most remarkable creation of man. Nothing else that he builds ever lasts. Monuments fall; nations perish; civilizations grow old and die out; and, after an era of darkness, new races build others. But in the world are volumes that have seen this happen again and again, and yet live on, still young, still as fresh as the day they were written, still telling men's hearts of the hearts of men centuries dead.
>
> And even the books that do not last long, penetrate their own times at least, sailing farther than Ulysses ever dreamed of, like ships on the seas. It is the author's part to call into being their cargoes and passengers,—living thoughts and rich bales of study and jewelled ideas. As for the publishers, it is they who build the fleet, plan the voyage, and sail on, facing wreck, till they find every possible harbor that will value their burden.
>
> Any great university might well be proud to *go into publishing.* Indeed it is more appropriate for universities to do it than business men.

GEORGE PARMLY DAY,
Yale University Press.

The Musical Library of Dr. Werner Wolffheim in Berlin which is to be sold by auction from June 12th to 15th, 1928, contains among its musical books: Incunabula; early printed and illustrated books from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries; books about the manufacture of instruments; bibliographical reference books of various kinds; scientific journals and sets; works in many languages; early school books, and liturgical books. It should therefore appeal not only to collectors of musical literature and to music scholars, but also to those interested in other branches of literature. The sale is under the direction of Martin Breslauer, book dealer and antiquarian of Berlin W 8, Französische Strasse 46, and Leo Liepmannssohn, antiquarian, of Berlin SW 11, Bernburger Strasse 14.

A black list of alleged disreputable publishers who, it is stated, obtain money from unwary authors without ever selling their books has been drawn up by the British Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Composers for the guidance of its members.

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University Press Books

A Scientist's Views

MAN RISES TO PARNASSUS. By HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1927.

Reviewed by FAY-COOPER COLE

THIS volume, which is announced as a sequel to "Men of the Old Stone Age," is in reality of a very different type. In place of an orderly arrangement of scientific facts critically evaluated, the distinguished author has given us a series of essays in which he tells us what he thinks of various disputed questions relating to early man, and of the development of the mind and spirit of the modern races. Writing in this non-critical and popular style, he finds it unnecessary to give all the arguments pro and con which have led him to his conclusions, and hence the critical reviewer is led to place question marks against many of the statements. The author accepts the presence of man in Britain in the upper Tertiary more than a million years ago. This, he holds, is not earliest man, but only a wandering group which has pushed its way from the homeland in Asia. Piltdown man and the associated flints are moved from the middle Pleistocene to the Tertiary and in justification we find the following statements. "Reid Moir further pointed out that there would not appear to be any valid geological reason why the lower stratum of the gravel at Piltdown should not be a Pliocene deposit overlain by gravelly strata of more recent date, inasmuch as the Piltdown bones were found at about 120 feet above the present sea level and approximately eighty feet above the present level of the River Ouse, Sussex." Here again it is necessary to keep in mind that the author is telling us why he holds this impression rather than giving us scientific proof, for the first lesson in archaeology is that one stratum must be dated in relation to others by the most recent material included in it, and the fact that there is no valid reason why it should not be of one period does not place it there. Again it is well known that similarity of form or method of manufacture is no criteria of age. Crude pleoliths were made in Tasmania, and neolithic implements in America until recent times. Tertiary man may have existed in Europe, but the drawings and descriptions given in the second essay of this volume are not convincing.

In discussing Pithecanthropus the author thinks he had short arms, and that "he probably spoke as a man, although his vocabulary was limited." There can be no dispute with Professor Osborn so long as he presents what he thinks of Pithecanthropus, but when he contrasts this being with the anthropoids of southern Asia "with long arms and short legs, who lived chiefly in the trees, who uttered guttural sounds of apes" and then uses this as an argument "to banish the myth and bogie of ape-man ancestry" of man, he goes beyond the established facts.

The pages dealing with the Cave Man and his Art, and the Arrival of our Ancestors in Europe are excellent summaries of the data and contain little controversial matter.

In the final chapters the author contrasts his belief that man originated in the high regions of Asia, with the claims made for north Asia and Europe, and then passes to a discussion of race. He divides mankind into three or more absolutely distinct stocks "which in Zoology would be given the rank of species if not of genera" and then ascribes to each spiritual, intellectual, moral, and physical characteristics, which likewise would separate them from one another. He claims that the Negroid stock can be proved to be more ancient than the Caucasian and Mongolian by an examination of the brain, of the hair, of the bodily characters, such as the teeth, the genitalia, the sense organs, and also of the instincts and the intelligence. Hair is mentioned as a distinctive characteristic, but no notice is taken of the fact that in the shape and amount of body hair the Negro is further removed from the animal world than either of the other divisions. Neither is mention made of the lips of the Negro, which again place him far on the road to evolution. It is evident that the auhor considers the Caucasian, and especially the Nordic, the most highly developed of mankind.

The rise of man from lower levels is held to be due to four sets of causes acting coincidently; namely, "heredity or predisposition, habit or individual adaptation, the rigors or clemency of the environment, and the animal or human life by which man is surrounded." And finally

> The future rise of man is intimately related to that of the special race to which he belongs; this is true not only of his physical nature but of his mental and spiritual nature as well—they too depend on the mental and spiritual ascent of the race of which he is a unit. Every race has a different kind of soul—by soul is meant the spiritual, intellectual, and moral reaction to environment and to daily experience—and the soul of the race is reflected in the soul of the individual that belongs to it. This racial soul is the product of thousands or hundreds of thousands of years of past experience and reaction—it is the essence or distillation of the spiritual and moral life of the race. In Europe, for example, the soul of each of the three great races—the Alpine, the Mediterranean, and the Nordic—is individualized, it is the product and summation of its own racial experience in the long past of its development.

The volume cannot be considered as a sequel to "The Men of the Old Stone Age." It is different in purpose and treatment, and its value lies chiefly in the manner in which there is presented to us the beliefs of a distinguished scientist who, for the moment, has shaken off the restraints of scientific exactitude and has written as he feels.

A Poet Diplomat

GEORGE HENRY BOKER, POET AND PATRIOT. By EDWARD SCULLEY BRADLEY. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by HARRY HAYDEN CLARK
Middlebury College

WHILE the majority of scholars have been bickering among themselves regarding subtle reinterpretations of American writers already smothered by interpretations, Professor Bradley has been quietly at work bringing to life an unjustly neglected author of nearly a dozen once-popular plays, three volumes of creditable verse, a book of biting satire, and a hitherto undiscovered sequence of three hundred and fourteen sonnets unequalled in our letters except by those of Longfellow. "George Henry Boker" is an excellent example of modern, dignified, sympathetic, scholarly, well documented historical criticism.

Boker lives again his thwarted, social, elegant life in the provincial, correct, conforming, materialistic Philadelphia which first ignored him as an artist and later honored him as the millionaire secretary—later president—of the Union League, as stirring balladist of the Civil War, and as our dignified ambassador to Turkey and to Russia. The quotation of newspaper reviews of each play, and Boker's correspondence with producers and actors, makes the volume a valuable portrait of literary conditions of the age. In addition to Boker's relations with Leland, Reed, Stoddard, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, Thackeray, Morley, and Bulwer-Lytton, the golden friendship between Bayard Taylor and Boker is here revealed in their own words for the first time. For before her death Mrs. Taylor allowed Professor Bradley to examine and to quote for the first time from the three hundred and fifty-one precious letters of the two poets.

This biography is indispensable to the student of American drama. Boker's dramatic masterpiece was "Francesca da Rimini," first acted by E. L. Davenport in 1855 in New York and Philadelphia, and revived triumphantly by Lawrence Barrett in 1882 and by Mr. Otis Skinner in 1901. The artistic presentation of medieval Italian life, the characteristic use of scenes remote from his native land, the music of the verse, the nobility of Lanciotto, the wronged husband, enable the biographer to call it "the greatest American romantic tragedy, and one of the greatest poetic tragedies in the language." Public neglect of Boker is accounted for by the fact that he lived in a philistine age and at a time "when the literature of his country was on the brink of a realistic revival, he was pleading the cause of Romance."

Americans who are interested in seeing themselves as others see them will find much to hold their attention in M. F. Bonn's "Geld und Geist" (Berlin: Fischer). It is an entertaining book, full of picturesque detail and piquant comment, and whether the author's conclusions meet with the approval of the reader or not they furnish food for reflection.

The Paris firm of Duchart et Van Buggenhoudt, a new organization, has issued a book for children that is well worthy of note. The volume is entitled "Vie de Napoleon," and the text is the story of Napoleon related in a barn from Balzac's "Le Medicin de Campagne." The handsome color illustrations, by S. Olesiewicz, are for the most part founded upon the "Images d'Epinal" of the First Empire.

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University Press Books

Old Democracies

DEMOCRACY IN THE ANCIENT WORLD. By T. R. GLOVER. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. 1927. (Macmillan.)

Reviewed by A. ROSTOVTZEFF

GLOVER'S book is a group of essays. Glover himself quotes a saying of his friend Mr. W. E. Heitland, who defines the essay as being "the spirit of history emancipated from the bonds of fact." This definition (if it is not a joke), I confess, I fail to understand. What is history "emancipated from the bonds of fact"? Such a thing exists only in the imagination of Messrs. Heitland and Glover. And in fact Glover has not succeeded in emanicipating himself from facts. His set of essays is full of facts, fully understood or half understood, well interpreted or misinterpreted, but anyway of facts or supposed facts.

It is hard to review a book whose author in the preface has disarmed his critics by quoting the well known passage of Polybius (VI, 11, 6) who deprecates criticism of men who pretend to know more than the author. And yet his book requires some criticism. The book deals with ancient democracy. Glover is a fervent democrat. Real democracy for him existed but once in the long run of historical evolution: in Athens in the first century, B.C., when it created the lofty Athenian civilization. Earlier and later democracy was either in its infancy or has already degenerated. Rome had had a fake democracy (which of course is true) but I may remark the best government in the world. Modern democracy is not a democracy. It took the name of and pretends to be a democracy. In fact it is not and never had been. Thus democracy has developed its blessing only once, in the short time of the so-called Periclean democracy. Even then, however, democracy failed to produce a good government for the empire and a good foreign policy. By its bad foreign policy democracy ruined Athens and itself. And yet, says Glover, it produced the blossom of Athenian civilization and this is its greatest record. Is it so? Has democracy produced civilization or has the Greek spirit as such produced both the great civilization of Athens and as one of its effusions the democratic form of government? Is democracy the mother of civilization or are Athenian democracy, art, literature, science, music children of the same mother, brothers and sisters? I do not know. However, the chapter on Athenian democracy in the fifth century is the best chapter of the book, written in a beautiful style and full of enthusiasm. The chapter on Homeric Greece is fine and full of suggestions. Democracy of the fourth century is well presented in its leading features. Less instructive is the chapter on the Achaian federation and still less the chapters on Rome. Rome taken from the point of view of whether the Romans have achieved the ideal of Athenian democracy of the fifth century or not, is not Rome at all. We know that she has not and, but for a short period, did not want to.

The last chapter ("Children of Nature and Fortunate Islands") deals with what we call the idealization of *Naturvölker*, an expression of "overcivilization" and "overurbanization." I am sorry to say that Glover shows here a remarkable neglect for modern research in this field, e.g., the books of Norden, Pohlmann, Freidinger, etc. and of books which deal with the history of the peoples dealt with in the essay. I am sorry to say, I have acted almost as the Polybian critic. I cannot help it. And yet I must emphasize that Glover's book is an interesting book, full of new and old facts, of fine interpretations, remarks, and parallels, and last but not least of a real love for democracy.

Blaine as Statesman

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF JAMES G. BLAINE. By ALICE FELT TYLER. Minneapolis: The University of Minnesota Press. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

BLAINE'S career is an eminent example of the way in which the dramatic overshadows the substantial. The only New Englander to be nominated for the Presidency in a stretch of nearly three quarters of a century—from the nomination of Pierce in 1852 to that of Coolidge in 1924—Blaine is remembered as "the Plumed Knight," the candidate who twice failed of nomination when his party won in the election and who, when he obtained the nomination, lost New York and with it the election by the narrow margin of 1100 votes. Blaine's fame is a paradox—it rests upon his lack of success as politician rather than upon his success as statesman.

For about nine months in the Garfield-Arthur administration and for about three years under Harrison, Blaine was Secretary of State. His name is associated with two of our international policies: Reciprocity and Pan-Americanism. These two policies were the more closely intertwined in Mr. Blaine's mind in that with one exception his interest in international matters was confined to the Western Hemisphere and particularly to Central and South America. The exception was Hawaii, whose acquisition he had always favored and did what he could as Secretary of State to hasten, although the event did not occur until some years after his death. Cuba and Canada, also, he expected to become parts of the United States, but his attitude toward the two countries was by no means the same. He looked upon Canada with suspicion, perhaps because as a native of Maine he was hostile to a neighbor with whom there were boundary disputes which sometimes took on the aspect of petty wars. He showed a similar bias against England.

Pan-Americanism, of which reciprocity was in reality an element rather than an independent policy, was in Blaine's view a vitalizing of the Monroe Doctrine in two directions—political and commercial. Politically, it meant peace through arbitration, with the United States acting the part of adviser and mediator, but not employing the tactics of forcible intervention. Commercially, it meant the development of closer trade relations between the United States and the Latin-American nations.

It was a proud day for Secretary Blaine when, on October 2, 1889, he welcomed to Washington delegates to a conference which he had endeavored to assemble eight years previously and of which he was naturally and fittingly elected president. The conference did not adopt the arbitration plan which Blaine proposed. Its only immediate tangible result was the establishment of the International Bureau of American Republics. But as its summoner philosophically remarked, its achievement "cannot be measured to-day." There were wars in Central America during Blaine's Secretaryship and he exerted himself to end them in the spirit which animated him in his proposal of general arbitration.

Blaine appears at his best in his endeavors to commit the Central American governments to a policy of peace. In his negotiations with European powers—with England over the modification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, with England and Germany over the control of Samoa, with England and, incidentally, Canada over the seal fisheries—he was less like a diplomat and more like a member of Congress. Yet his position in reference to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and in regard to any canal that might be built across Central America was the position upon which, twenty years later, we successfully insisted. And his idea of Pan-Americanism is the idea which, despite perplexing difficulties, we are still striving to apply. His success lay not so much in achieving diplomatic victories as in giving direction to our international policy.

It is good news (says the *Manchester Guardian*) that that great Johnsonian scholar, Mr. Aleyn Lyell Reade, is to devote some part of the next volume of his "Johnsonian Gleanings" to Johnson's old college acquaintance, Oliver Edwards. Every reader of Boswell remembers how Edwards, "a decent-looking elderly man in gray clothes and a wig of many curls," meeting Johnson after an interval of forty-nine years, remarked, "You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson. I have tried, too, in my time to be a philosopher. But I don't know how; cheerfulness was always breaking in."

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The "Readers Service," recently inaugurated, has proven invaluable to those desirous of being kept informed of new Oxford books on specific subjects. Readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW *wishing to avail themselves of this service are requested to send in their names and addresses with a list of the subjects in which they are interested.*

The books and series listed here are but a few of the noteworthy publications from the various departments of the Oxford Press. Complete catalogue, or circulars describing titles listed below, will be sent on request.

CLARENDON BOOKS

A New English Dictionary
Edited by Sir James Murray, Dr. Bradley, Dr. Craigie, and Mr. Onions, 10 Volumes. Completed April 19, 1928.

The Concise Oxford Dictionary
By F. G. Fowler and H. W. Fowler.

The Pocket Oxford Dictionary
American Edition
By F. G. Fowler and H. W. Fowler. Revised by G. Van Santvoord.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

MEMOIRS OF LA GRANDE MADEMOISELLE. Translated by GRACE HART SEELY. Century. 1928. $3.

La Grande Mademoiselle, as no one can tell from the title, is Anne-Marie-Louise d'Orleans, Duchess of Montpensier, granddaughter of Henry of Navarre, cousin of Louis XIV., and one of the richest heiresses in France. She was styled "grande" because of her unusual height, and it was in regard to her contemplated marriage to that "ancient and obscure Gascon," the Comte de Lauzun, that Madame de Sévigné wrote one of her most famous letters. Unfortunately for her happiness, the king was persuaded to retract his permission to her marriage, her lover was cast into prison for ten years, and when he was released, he remembered his wrongs with greater intensity than his passion, and Mademoiselle died a spinster.

In these memoirs, written after the blighting of her love affair, Mademoiselle is something of a philosopher, a great deal of a politician, and introspective enough to suit a psychoanalyst. At the end of the volume she gives an excellent description of herself, how she looked, how she acted, and how she thought. In the early portion of the book she describes life at the court of Louis XIII. Later on there is a great deal about the Wars of the Fronde during the minority of Louis XIV., in which the nobility, including Mademoiselle's father, tried to curb the royal power—unsuccessfully, as it turned out. Mademoiselle, after a period of exile, succeeded in making her peace and returned to court where, after several proposed political marriages had fallen through, she had her grand passion.

These memoirs, here for the first time turned into English, and prefaced with a biographical notice by the translator, are gossipy, but not scandalous; frank, but not malicious; entertaining, although not particularly clever, and are worthy of perusal by those interested in the period or in memoirs as a form of literature.

THE LIFE AND PRIVATE HISTORY OF EMILY JANE BRONTE. By *Romer Wilson*. A. & C. Boni. $4.

JOHN HARDIE OF THORNHILL. By *B. Palmer Lecois*. Avondale.

HOUDINI. By *Harold Kellock*. Harcourt, Brace, $3.75.

WILLIAM ALFRED QUAYLE. By *M. S. Rice*. Abingdon. $2.50.

BRYAN. By *J. C. Long*. Appleton. $3.50.

AN ARKANSAS JUDGE. By *Jerry Wallace*. Published by the family.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CIVIL WAR. By *John Gibbon*. Putnam. $5.

A DOG-PUNCHER OF THE YUKON. By *Arthur T. Walden*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

THE SON OF MAN. By *Emil Ludwig*. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Boni & Liveright. $3.

SIR ROBERT PEEL. By *A. A. W. Ramsay*, Dodd, Mead. $5.

ROSSETTI: HIS LIFE AND HIS WORKS. By *Evelyn Waugh*. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

Fiction

THE RIVER BETWEEN. By LOUIS FORGIONE. Dutton. 1928. $2.50.

We call them "wops," "hunkies," or "guineas;" we watch them wheeling barrows, driving trucks, barbering—these unskilled Italians hardly a generation removed from the Mediterranean. They cluster in self-contained settlements, intermarry, and build within our supposedly Anglo-Saxon America a microcosmic Latin civilization. Mr. Forgione in "The River Between" takes one of these tempestuous Italian groups, centers his interest upon a boarding house on the Jersey Palisades, and delivers us a novel of intense, melodramatic passion. A father and a son are too much alike to live peaceably together; the son's wife adds to the discord; the old man and the young wife come to separate and dreary ends; the son alone seems to be strong enough to make his life succeed. Although the Italian mood colors all, there is a continual consciousness of the metropolis so easily seen across the river. The incongruity of the urban notions that seep through into the Latin community assists in forcing the tragedy.

We do not feel the misery of Oreste, Demetrio, and Rose as keenly as Mr. Forgione intends us to; we realize it intellectually, but we cannot live in it. The building-up of the narrative seems crude in these days of widespread dexterity; the cumulative tragedy is a little too top-heavy, lacking adequate emotional foundation. As a record of American life, however, "The River Between" is illuminating, and therein lies its real importance.

WELCOME HOME. By ALICE DUER MILLER. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $2.

The public has come to expect the suave and diverting from the pen of Alice Duer Miller and it will not be disappointed in her latest volume. "Welcome Home," the first of the two long short stories which make it up, opens with another journey's ending in lovers' meeting—but here it is for the first time. A young man returning from several years abroad, lets himself into his New York home with the old key he has carried on his travels. The house appears to be the same with one disconcerting though not unpleasing exception. He finds a remarkably pretty young woman in his bed. From the impact of this meeting the Miller dialogue bursts out into sparks for the rest of a story elaborately ingenious in preventing the inevitable ending until that ending is due. The second story, "Her Mother's Jewels," weaves itself about an heiress, the most gentlemanly of crooks, a kidnapping, and other paraphernalia of the "thriller." How little the story is merely that is obvious from the author. Mrs. Miller's characters are so briskly and colorfully drawn, her situations are manoeuvred with such perfectly dissimulated artfulness, that one cannot help wishing she would let these people snap themselves free of trivialities and create situations more important. But then who would write these amused as well as amusing little *contes* of the moment?

THE LAND OF GREEN GINGER. By WINIFRED HOLTBY. McBride. 1928. $2.

There have always been two ways of escape from actual life; one through imagination, one through understanding. "The Land of Green Ginger" is, on the surface, the story of a woman who conquers environmental frustration and sordidness with the bright sword of her fancy. This woman, Joanna Leigh, is born with a desire for the sharp tang of adventure, with a nostalgia for the unknown, and finds life doled out to her in heavy, unadventurous allotments. These she seasons with wit and disguises with fantasy. Bound to the endless labor of an unproductive farm by an invalid husband and two little children, she wages the good fight against poverty, depression, and calumny. That the telling of all this is interesting and amusing speaks well for the ability of Winifred Holtby. But underlying this surface story there is another and subtler one that shows Joanna's escape to have been, unconsciously, the way of understanding. This is difficult to describe because it is an organic rather than rational understanding and arises from a fundamental oneness with life. She shares with nature the ability to accept ugliness as well as beauty and to know joy in birth with death hanging heavy over the delivery. "The Land of Green Ginger" has something of the lavish quality found in the exuberant fertility of the earth and in the ceaseless unprogressive movement of its waters.

GEORGIE MAY. By *Maxwell Bodenheim*. Boni & Liveright. $2.

NETTLE HARVEST. By *Sylvia Denys Hooke*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

NORWAY'S BEST STORIES. Translated by *Anders Orbeck*. Edited by *Hanna Astrup Larsen*. Norton. $2.50.

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TRISTRAM SHANDY. By *Laurence Sterne*. Modern Library. 95 cents net.

UNFORBIDDEN FRUIT. By *Warner Fabian*. Boni & Liveright. $2.

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THEY WHO PADDLE. By *Rosalind Webster*. Dutton. $2.

BROOK EVANS. By *Susan Glaspell*. Stokes. $2.50.

ARMANCE. By *Stendhal*. Translated by *C. K. Scott-Moncrieff*. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

THE MAN IN THE DARK. By *John Ferguson*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

LOVE ME, ANISE. By *Arthur J. Rees*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

REMY DE GOURMONT. Selections from his works. Chosen and translated by *Richard Aldington*. Covici. 2 vols.

THE WEEK-END LIBRARY. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

(*Continued on page 976*)

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 35. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most convivial Prohibitionists' Drinking Song. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of June 25.)

Competition No. 36. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short Ballad (*not* Ballade) of Book Titles with the refrain, suggested by a recent juxtaposition of publishers' advertisements,—

Dead lovers are faithful lovers,
But gentlemen marry brunettes.

(Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of July 2.)

Attention is called to the rules printed below.

THE THIRTY-SECOND COMPETITION

Three prizes of five dollars each were offered for the best epigrams on each or all of the following subjects: (a) Tunney's lecture on Shakespeare at Yale; (b) the coming Presidential Election; and (c) the death of Thomas Hardy. Edward O. Jackson, of Clinton, Mo., wins the prizes for A and B, and Phoebe Scribble the prize for C.

THE PRIZE EPIGRAMS

A. On Tunney's Lecture at Yale.

Tunney again his matchless courage proves
By tackling mighty Shakespeare without gloves.
EDWARD O. JACKSON.

B. On the Presidential Election

In freedom let each patriot rejoice
While trusts and press select the people's choice.
EDWARD O. JACKSON.

C. On the Death of Thomas Hardy

Till it should falter, Death forebore to stay
A hand so able in the art of truth,
The poet's courage answered this delay
By full reclaiming the bright power of youth;
So overcome, the mighty angel then
Bade Thomas Hardy lay aside his pen. PHOEBE SCRIBBLE.

The great majority of competitors rightly supposed that verse epigrams were required, although the week brought a large batch of prose attempts. Most of the latter lacked sting and even the best, like Carl P. Rollins's anecdote from New Haven itself, could only be called epigrams by courtesy. "Spring was in the air, Professor Phelps had come back from Florida, and the news had come that Gene was to talk to a Yale class. 'I see,' said a colleague, 'that Billy has been Tunney-fishing.'"

Competition was keenest for prize A. To the credit of our Wits there were very few sneers at Tunney. The least unsuccessful exception was J. DeLancey Ferguson's offering—

At Hotspur tackling Hamlet's rôle
Good sense and taste rebel:
This Tunney's erudition has
An ancient, fish-like smell.

Marshall M. Brice was fairer and more good-natured in his double-edged lines—

The halls of Yale with gloom are packed:
Enough it is to make them blue;
For Tunney there has dropped the fact
That Shakespeare was a highbrow, too.

This nearly won the prize. I also liked the entries by Francis M. Currier, Mrs. J. D. Robins, and "Slightly," which are printed in order of authorship below.

JOHN L. SPEAKS

The old Manassa Mauler is a pitcher actor now,
An' Gene a college echerer — an' isn't that a wow.
Now Sharkey 'll learn embroidery, cause he's esthetic too;
Corbett an' me an' Jake Kilrain—I guess our sort is through.
So let Greenwich Village band show how this bunch is wrong
By playin' Yale's old masterpiece, "The Undertaker's Song."
FRANCIS M. CURRIER

Do you think that it is funny
To sneer at Shakespeare à la Tunney?
Perhaps then you had rather
Hear the same old classroom blather.
J. D. ROBINS

To a Certain Author who Sneered at Tunney's lecture.

If, artless and untrained, yet curbing fear,
Dear Prig, you had fought some giant of the ring,
Would Tunney, I wonder, have watched you *with a sneer*
Or slapped your back? Well, that's another thing!
"SLIGHTLY"

There was less competition for the Election epigram. Five quatrains by Marshall Brice were well-turned but insubstantial. Howard Thompson wrote—

Since Smith says nothing and Hoover rather less
One will be elected, or I miss my guess.

and Francis Donnersbach, misunderstanding the competition, sent in the English election epigram by Mr. J. C. Squire.

The battle's set 'twixt Envy, Greed, and Pride.
Come, Conscience, do your duty; choose your side.

David Heathestone was not brief enough and none of the prose entries merited quotation.

I would have welcomed a better epigram than the best on Hardy's death. Phoebe Scribble deserved to snatch the third five dollars from Mr. Jackson if only because his distich flew in the face of the facts.

While genius raved from every countryside
We hardly knew when Thomas Hardy died.

It is a long time since a poet's death attracted so much attention as Hardy's. Nobody sufficiently grasped the opportunity to point the irony by which his heart and body found separate graves, though George Jager (in prose) and J. Delancey Ferguson (in verse) both reached out towards the idea.

For him who searched life's ironies
A last mock is provided:
His heart and mind were one through life,
In death they lie divided.

This misses the mark by vaguely reminding me of Hood.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. Mrs. Becker's summer headquarters will be at 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea, London.

ONCE again a wave of uncertainty concerning proper names moves across the clientèle of this department, starting in Honolulu, where, according to E. B. B., there is debate upon "the delightful first name of Sacheverell Sitwell." "Ever since the year 1197," says R. L. Megroz in "The Three Sitwells" (Doran), when Joline Saultchevreuil divided an inheritance with one whose name does not enter into this discussion, "the Sacheverells have been a family of principal note in Derby and Nottinghamshire. Their beautiful Norman name, disguised as Sent Cheveroll, is to be seen in the roll of Battle Abbey . . ." and I have heard various disguises of it at the present day on the lips of the all-too-knowing, misled, it may be, by the familiar "Sascha" used by his intimates into the notion that the name must be somehow collapsible. But my advice is to take it in four syllables with the stress on the *shev*, and let it ride. The same knowing ones started a rumor last year that Proust was called Proo: people like that having always a positiveness to shake the staunchest heart, one of the editors of this review took the matter to Paris and even there it rhymes with boost—especially there, indeed. In Honolulu the sound of Cabell is still shaky, and as I have found other parts of the world rhyming him with label, let it be known that the sound is as in babble. Bremen is *Bray*-men; as for Koehl, I cannot send an *umlaut* by mail: the ability to produce one being—like the knack of writing deathless verse or the art of moving the ears—something with which, according to Bill Nye, one must have been born: it cannot be acquired. In this class belong also the French *u* and the nuances of the Russian *l*. C. M. F., Ashland, Wis., asks for Maurois, Aricie Brun, Gide, Passavent, Douviers, Saas Fee, Strouvilhon, and Henriot. Can any little boy or girl tell what three books this gentleman has been reading? If the third escapes him, Alfred Knopf will send it for two-fifty, after which he will either curse me bitterly or write me a letter of fervent gratitude. The approximate sounds are Mo (as in Moses)-rwah: Ar-ri-si Brun with a long *u*. I have always said Jheed; my French is plausible though not altogether convincing, but considering what they do to our proper names, should we struggle too painfully over theirs? So we have Pas-sa-vanh—the last syllable a pathetic effort to spell wind in French,—Doo-vyay, Saas Fay, Soo-vee(ls)onh, and Onh-ree-oh. Those look pretty awful in print, especially the attempt to indicate an *l* as pronounced by the stream of consciousness; I begin to think there is something in Esperanto after all. L. B., Columbus, Indiana, asks for Andreiev, which is And-rye-yev, e as in yes. Rosamund Lehmann, which is Layman; Alice Meynell, which is Men'l.

M. H. B., New York, asks advice on the choice of a birthday gift for a poetry-lover.

"THE Oxford Book of American Verse," selected by Bliss Carman (Oxford University Press), is compact of old and new: for the year past there is "Best Poems of 1927" (Dodd, Mead) by both English and American poets, chosen by L. A. G. Strong. A more accurate title might be "My Favorite Poems for the Year," but such passings-on of preferences often turn out more happily for a wide audience than the pondered judgments of a jury of specialists. These two are conservative choices: if the receiver responds to brilliant, sardonic, and sententious verse, try him on Samuel Hoffenstein's "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing" (Boni & Liveright) or either of Dorothy Parker's volumes from the same publisher. By definition these are light verse,—light like bombs bursting in air.

If my choice were to be made for several of my own acquaintance, it would be for a type of book neither anthology nor single book of verse, but one of the books of selections made by a sympathetic and discriminating editor from the lifework of a poet. If this life work has been voluminous and uneven, a judicious editor may in this way give him a new hold on posterity. A striking example is the new "Selected Poems of Amy Lowell" (Houghton Mifflin), edited by John Livingston Lowes, author of "The Road to Xanadu." When her earlier volumes were appearing her very name was good for a horse-laugh from thousands who knew no more of her than her name, and many even of those who read and respected all her books would admit that they bought the successive volumes each for the sake of a few indispensable poems. In this selection from her eleven volumes—more than 650 titles—Mr. Lowes has brought together with rare judgment old favorites and lesser known examples of her art, by all of which the poet will find new friends. Swinburne even gains by such treatment: he lives not by a few poems but certainly by a number that though considerable is yet out of proportion to the number he wrote. A single volume made out of these was published some years ago by Doran: now comes another bringing the selection to even smaller compass, "Selections from Swinburne," edited by H. M. Burton and published by the Cambridge University Press, represented here by Macmillan. It has a brief critical introduction, and is apparently made with modern youth in mind, but as in the case of the pocket-size "Selections from Walt Whitman" (Macmillan) is none the less representative. Walter de la Mare anticipated his executors and has made his own choice, some sixty poems appearing in "Selected Poems" (Holt). Among these may be found most of those by which he is most widely known, excluding those for children. A book of selections like this should not be large, for skimming off of all the cream is not intended, but the offering of a generous and alluring sample to a new reader who may thus be inspired to read more widely. If he read no more than this, it will have given him much.

G. H. C., Newark, N. J., asks what Norwegian or Swedish author of modern times could be added to a reading course that has included Hamsun, Lagerlöf, Strindberg, Bojer, Nexö, and the plays of Ibsen and Björnson.

SURELY Sigrid Undset, whose historical novels of Sweden have a wild power and persuasiveness that wipes out the centuries and makes the reader one with the people of the period. Begin her trilogy "Kristin Lavransdatter" (Knopf) with "The Bridal Wreath," and it will be difficult to stop before you have finished "The Mistress of Husaby" and "The Cross."

A popular Norwegian novelist of the best-selling sort has just been introduced into English through Andreas Haukland's "The Norns Are Spinning" (Macy-Masius). This presents pre-Christian Vikings and their loves, hates, and habits, of which locking their adversaries into their own houses and setting fire to the roofs seems to have been a favorite game. I never read a novel with so much arson: there is even a genuine suttee, preceded by the sacrifice of any number of animals. Midway of the tale the hero has to take to the wilderness as an outlaw with his baby son, and the chapters in which the two make a home for themselves until the boy becomes a man are proof that the Boy Scouts did not invent resourcefulness. I do not wonder this novel has been popular in Norway: it certainly goes with a rush.

THE correspondents who have been trying to get together a modern bibliography on cursing will find a little help in the chapter on Judas in "The Glorious Company," by Tracy Mygatt and Frances Witherspoon (Harcourt, Brace), which refers to the Judas Curse, Anathema Adalberti. This was often attached to legal documents, deeds, and so on, to force the return of stolen property lest the thief *habeat partem cum Juda*. It should be mentioned that the especial efficacy of the curse was to get back borrowed books—manuscripts in 1583, but the principle is the same. This book says that Asher Taylor, in "Washington University Studies," has an article on "Judas in Charms and Incantations." "The Glorious Company" blends the New Testament, the apocryphal records, and popular tradition in something the manner of Alphonse Séché's "Radiant Story of Jesus" (Century), with the difference that Séché clearly believes all of it and these authors have their preferences. Their work might be called a free fantasia upon twelve themes. St. James Major, St. Thomas of India, and St. Andrew are especially favored in medieval legend, and these sections are the richest.

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The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from page* 973)

HEAVENLY BODIES. By OLIVER JENKINS. Chicago: Pascal Covici. 1928. $2.

This little volume is from New England. A number of the poems have appeared in various periodicals and anthologies. Best of these verses we like this poet's lines upon New Hampshire,—how different from Robert Frost's,—but good also, in their own way. A number of the other poems have lacquered color and polish. There is one of a silly girl, entitled "Bon Bon," one called "Tiger," and one called "A Cruel Gentleman to his Mistress," all of which have their points. Mr. Jenkins is not infrequently skilful at cherry-stone carving. But more than that we cannot, as yet, allow him, though he gives evidence here and there of true artistic dexterity.

WINDS FROM THE MOON. By SONIA RUTHELE NOVAK. Century. 1928.

This poet has contributed to the *Century Magazine* and other periodicals. So far as we know this is her first collected volume. There is charm and color in many of the verses, originality often glinting, as in the "Seven Songs to Alösha," exotic dragonfly brilliance darting here and there. There is a reminiscence of the work of the young poet Nathalia Crane, as in

The mysteries of dark monsoons
Are clamoring and gold,
But snow's a specter, colorless,
And vacuous with cold!

There is often a mere playing with words as if they were baubles to be tossed about. Often careless and bad lines tumble on the heels of good. So far the work of Miss Novák is a medley, with snatches of the true music and a good deal of jangling. Promise is distinctly shown. Versatility is apparent. There is abundance of fancy. But there is not, as yet, sufficient precision and power of selection. We shall, however, watch this writer's future with interest. Her heritage seems to be a variety of material that could well be fashioned into impressive poetry.

LYRICS BETWEEN THE YEARS. By MAHLON LEONARD FISHER. Williamport, Pa.: The Clayton Spicer Press. 1928.

Mr. Fisher, a number of years ago, achieved distinction with an autumnal sonnet. Later he established himself even more firmly as a sonnetteer. Now he gives us a thin sheaf of lyrics. They are traditional and repressed, but certainly not trivial. The best seems to us to be the concluding one, which was used by the late Marguerite Wilkinson in her "New Voices." We quote it in full:

MY MOTHER

A blend of stubborn English oak
And Scottish sailor-blood,
If it be so her spirit broke,
It still withstood the flood.

If it be so her heart could ache,
She never told the years,
But very slowly let it break.
None ever saw her tears.

If it be so that she is dead,
Then this of her is true:
As simply as a word is said,
She died, as stoics do.

SINGING GARDENS. By BLANCHE LEE. Boston: Stratford. 1928. 50c.

This is one of the Stratford Booklets of Poetry. It is artless singing, spontaneous, hardly trained as yet, but the feeling is sensitive. This poet needs to learn and exercise a greater precision of phrase and epithet, to eschew apostrophes (we mean the punctuation mark) and dashes, and to replace tinkling tunes with melody. The following quatrain is an example of her best:

LOVE

Today I had a corner on Love—
'Twas but a broken bench, a picking dove,
But a child laughed on a high cloud—
And a man sat, hands clenched, head bowed.

THE AMERICAN BOOK OF VERSE. Edited by *Francis X. Talbot*. America Press, 461-8th Ave., New York City.

THE GREY FEET OF THE WIND. By *Cathal O'Byrne*. Doran, Ard, Lee Publishing Co., 5443 North Spaulding Ave., Chicago.

GREAT ENGLISH POETS. By *Oscar James Campbell* and *J. F. A. Pyre*. Crofts. $3.50.

THE SWEET SINGER OF MICHIGAN. By *Mrs. Julia A. Moore*. Covici. $2.

(*Continued on page* 979)

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A NEW CAXTON CLUB ISSUE

IN February, 1923, Frederic G. Kenyon, Esq., Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum, delivered before the University of Chicago a lecture which was the foundation of "Ancient Books and Modern Discoveries," now published by the Caxton Club.

The text of the present volume is not long, but describes the various materials which have been used to preserve writing from the earliest times—the primitive bark, leaves, stone, metal, etc., receiving less attention than the more important and later materials such as papyrus, vellum, and paper. Of course such a treatise can be only an introduction to the subject, but Mr. Kenyon has made the cursory glimpses of man's writing materials extraordinarily interesting. And such a survey in the very brief compass of a lecture can be more provocative than a much more expanded volume. There are included also thirty well selected plates, showing examples of early materials as used by scribes.

This new Caxton Club issue is printed in an edition of 350 copies. The text has been printed by Mr. Rudge: the plates by Emery Walker of London. But it is as an example of Bruce Rogers's work that the edition seems likely to be immediately subscribed and to be of interest. It is a handsome quarto, set in Lutetia type (in which Dutch type a surprising number of recent books have been set) of large size. The headbands, of printers' flowers, "built up" with that extraordinary ingenuity which Mr. Rogers possesses, are printed in brown ink. The binding is of marbled paper and cloth. The paper is Kelmscott—but so metamorphosed by calendaring as to give it a beautiful vellum-like surface, on which the delicate Lutetia type appears to good advantage. The necessity for wetting the sheets for the collotype plates tends to destroy the calendaring, however, leaving a variety of surfaces in the various parts of the book.

"Ancient Materials and Modern Discoveries" is one of the outstanding books of the year, and the Caxton Club will be proud of it. As a Rogers item it is not only typical of his work at its best, but delightful in its use of printers' flowers, especially in the Caxton Club design on the title-page. The book is included in the current Fifty Books collection.

MAGGS BROTHERS, whose catalogues have seemed to touch a high mark on many recent occasions, have outdone themselves, and put other dealers to rout, by a magnificent volume issued as their five hundredth catalogue. It is called a "selection of books, manuscripts, engravings, and autograph letters remarkable for their interest and rarity"—a title broad enough to include many fine volumes; as, for example, a breviary of Marguerite of Beaujeau, done on vellum, probably at St. Omer, in the fore part of the fourteenth century, with thirty full-page miniatures in gold and colors, on a solid gold burnished background—dear, dear, one cannot go on at this rate, but the manuscript is fully described, and the price (for one cannot escape the prices—they may seem fantastic, but apparently no price is fantastic nowadays) is merely three thousand pounds. Then there is the "'Don Quixote" printed by Juan de la Cuesta at Madrid in 1605-1615—but, observe, "the extremely rare first edition, and the first issue of each part"—a defective portion of which is our only American possession. And the price? Well, just thirty-eight hundred pounds. But, remember, the first edition of "Don Quixote." Then to come down to more modern and reasonably priced articles, there is a "red harness" copy of Bruce Rogers's "Centaur" for one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

But enough of such market gossip. The catalogue is illustrated by one or more plates for each volume (and there are 224 items listed), and very well printed by the Courier Press, Leamington Spa. Two or more

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pages are given to each item, and the bibliographical notes are full and interesting. I had started to write of the typography of the volume; but after all it is not precisely a work of art, however handsomely done, and it *is* well done. What fascinates one is the very considerable number of fine books listed. Open anywhere: here is the only French edition of De Bury's "Philobiblion," Paris, 1500; Franklin's "Cato Major," familiar to all; so one could go on, from one interesting page to another—not solely because these items are interesting in themselves, not because the prices are certainly not modest, but because the book is a sumptuously gotten up enumeration of rarities.

A hundred dollars seems to be par with Thomas F. Madigan, for a first class autograph letter, in his latest catalogue of such things. Presidents are distinctly below par. The whole lot of them, not all hand-written letters to be sure, can be had for $1,250. Washington holds fairly steady at $400 or $500, with Lincoln not far below on an average, but going much higher for a really first-class letter. Mme. de Maintenon pays for becoming "the second wife of Louis XIV," by selling nowadays for less than half what is asked for the handwriting of Pompadour, who is rated at $150. The dealer is sore put to it, to satisfy the demand for anything about Poe, and the best he can offer is a mother-in-law, a sister, an English biographer, and a sweetheart, who range in value from $25 to $50. The best thing in the catalogue is a signed manuscript of "Dixie," which was written by Daniel D. Emmett. There is a facsimile of this item, which is priced at $500. In contrast to this, $650 is put on a signed copy by Dickens of the passage descriptive of the death of Little Nell, which was his stock resource when forced to stand and deliver a specimen of his penmanship.

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Photo © by A. C. Shaw, 1928

A "marble-headed enthusiast" and a "rogue elephant" discuss the new TRADER HORN *book.*
WILLIAM MCFEE *and* ALFRED ALOYSIUS *enjoy a "gam" over* HAROLD THE WEBBED—OR THE YOUNG VYKINGS.

Friends of The Inner Sanctum [names on file at headquarters—all seven of them] are not startled by the announcement that five carloads of paper were required for the first printing of the new *Trader Horn* book, just released.

Most of them are a bit surprised to learn that five carloads make only a mere 75,000 volumes.

What astonishes most of *The Inner Sanctum's* best pals and severest critics is the statement that this second volume of *Trader Horn*—sub-titled *Harold the Webbed* or *The Young Vykings*—was written before the first book popped hot off the gridiron that MRS. ETHELREDA LEWIS bought on the back "stoep" of her Johannesburg cottage.

Before *Zambesi Jack* became famous, in fact, he had scrawled down by candle-light in his "doss-house" enough manuscript of his remembered romance to make, with his discoverer's editing and their memorable conversations, *enough copy for three large volumes.*

The Literary Guild of America (which is sending its members the second *Trader Horn* book as its June selection) and *The Inner Sanctum* arranged with MRS. ETHELREDA LEWIS and ALFRED ALOYSIUS himself to publish these volumes *one at a time, one year apart.*

In the new *Trader Horn* book now released, therefore, the world will find the same racy flavor, the same unspoiled combination of naivete and seven-league bravado which characterized the first tale of wildest Africa.

WILLIAM MCFEE'S foreword and an extended and intimate introduction by MRS. ETHELREDA LEWIS tell the real story of Zambesi Jack's reaction to his international acclaim.

At the end of each chapter, as in the first book, the conversations between author and editor run amuck.

For the second time in three months F. P. A. wins *The Inner Sanctum's* diamond-studded laurel wreath for the merriest quip of the fortnight—in this case his sub-title for JOHN K. WINKLER'S study of *Hearst*: *"By His Own Petard."*

One of the best 100-word essays on *The Story of Philosophy's* second anniversary was submitted by VINCENT BURNS of Pittsfield, Mass., who won *The Philosopher's Library Edition of the works of Plato* by writing:

The secret of the success of Will Durant's Story of Philosophy *is as plain as the nose on your face. The hard mental dog-biscuit of current science and the dessicated dogmas of orthodox religions satisfy few mental palates. They leave modern folk ravenously hungry and thirsty spiritually. Millions near spiritual starvation and without a spiritual home are ready to forage at garbage-cans. Then Durant invites them in to a marvelously refreshing and satisfying feast of the richest thoughts of the years. The rush for* The Story of Philosophy *becomes a spiritual bread riot—the author this generation's Messiah.*

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THE PHOENIX NEST

AN interesting book of short stories, just out last week, and published by Doubleday, Doran, is "Rejections of 1927," edited by *Charles H. Baker, Jr.* The jacket sub-title is "stories the editors won't let you read." In his introduction, Mr. Baker postulates that the gathering together of such fiction "opens a long-needed market for writers all over the world." For these stories have not been chosen as conforming to the "policy" of any periodical. Of course, of the fourteen included, at least half are by well-known writers, one by so eminent a literary figure as *Arthur Schnitzler. Ben Ames Williams, Mary Heaton Vorse, Gouverneur Morris, Cyril Hume, Edwina Stanton Babcock*, and *Mildred Cram* are the other well-knowns. One can see why Morris's "Glamour" and *Ferrin Fraser's* frothy "Three Ladies in Love" would shock prigs, though there is nothing really shocking about them, but why exactly did Mr. Hume's Mary Knox come under the ban? She is one of the most convincing and enheartening negro characters we have read of for some time. She uses here and there a wholly natural expression that the squeamish editor might think would offend,—but Heavens! The matter of mentioning drink in magazine stories written since Volstead made himself famous is a curious thing. And of course, the matter of mentioning language as actually heard has always been difficult. If you write of a truck-driver you must be euphemistic. We never did see exactly why. The truck-driver is anything but euphemistic when he desires to express himself. No one should go out of his way to be sensational, but if you are treating a certain *milieu* or certain characters in a story, it has been thought, by many good minds, rather an obligation on the writer's part to treat them honestly. When a merely shocking effect is striven for, it is at once detectable, and just as bogus as essentially salacious euphemism. It all boils down to a matter of intent. But often the picayune minds of occasional readers influence otherwise intelligent editors to an unwarranted extent. The general public is a pretty shrewd judge; it generally knows chalk from cheese. But the bigots and the impure pure are the loudest shouters. To get down to cases, none of the stories in this volume is a great story, but a number are distinctly good. "No Thoroughfare," by *Mary Heaton Vorse* is stark tragedy, "Touché," by *Mildred Cram* and *Ruth Tobey*, is well-handled melodrama; and "Fog," by *Ruth Cross*, the author of a number of magazine stories and of two published novels, is strong and vivid. . . .

A total of 945 poetry manuscripts were received between October, 1927, and April, 1928, in a nation-wide contest to discover the work of an unpublished poet. The judges finally awarded the $500 prize to *Miss Gladys Oaks* for a manuscript volume of poetry entitled "Nursery Rhymes for Children of Darkness." The contest was sponsored by a group of anonymous donors, and by *Mrs. Grace Hoffman White* of New York, acting as secretary. The judges were *Alfred Kreymborg, Max Eastman*, and *Grace Hazard Conkling*. . . .

An attractive catalogue has been sent us by The Walden Book Shops, of 410 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. It was printed for them at Saint Dominic's Press, Ditchling, Sussex, England, in an edition of nine hundred copies. The Walden Book Shops carry books from private presses, and are at all times willing to send bulletins of announcements of such books and to take orders. They carry books from the Beaumont Press, The Contact Press, The Golden Cockerel Press, Haslewood, Nonesuch, St. Dominic's, The Pear Tree, and books on printing and books designed by *Bruce Rogers*. . . .

Little, Brown write us that certain books listed in the trick bibliography of Dr. Redfield's works given in *Nelson Antrim Crawford's* "A Man of Learning" have been taken seriously in certain quarters. A New York bookstore has advertised in the Publishers' Weekly, under the "wants," for copies of "Little Sermons to Boys" and "Little Sermons to Girls" by Arthur Patrick Redfield. . . .

The J. H. Sears Company has published "Dawn," a biographical novel by *Captain Reginald Berkeley*, M. P., who also wrote the moving picture, "Dawn," founded on the story of *Edith Cavell*. Of the picture, *George Bernard Shaw* said, "The only question to be considered is whether 'Dawn' as a work of art is worthy of her. You may take my word for it that it is. . . . He (the author) has not betrayed her by a single stroke of bitterness or rancor, much less by any idle triviality of fiction. . . . It rebukes us all impartially, and will edify us impartially. I hope it will take its lessons to the end of the earth." . . . .

The Princeton University Press Almanac for June opens with a brief piece called "A New Idea in Bookselling." On the principle of the non-refillable bottle a non-rereadable book is contemplated. "Consider the possibilities," the Almanac cries,

It is estimated that there are five readers for every book; and books of permanent value, like those published by the Princeton University Press, are read and referred to many times. Using non-rereadable books enterprising publishers should be able to sell at least five times as many books as they do now, and our share of these sales ought certainly to average twenty cents a copy. On a book like "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" we would make over $100,000 and our income for a year from all publishers would be of such proportions as to justify our referring to Henry Ford as "that piker."

We wish we could tell you how this thing is going to work, but the time is not yet ripe. A private demonstration to a few selected and trustworthy friends will be given within a month, and we expect to begin cashing checks about the first of next year. We wish to assure all book buyers who desire to own books because they are decorative in the home that our invention will not injure the bindings in any way. We can go as far as to say that chemistry plays a large part in our plans, but the actual operation of our scheme cannot be disclosed until our patents are all granted and contracts closed with the publishers. The only serious problem confronting us is to find big enough banks to hold our profits. . . .

Sylvia Satan sends us the following lyric:

INTIMACY
This early morn I heard
From a nest near my bed
What a small woman-bird
To her waking mate said;
No words for that note,
But how does it seem
To wake to the East
And tell a bird's dream?

Allen Tate's "Stonewall Jackson: The Good Southerner" has roused controversy concerning Mr. Tate's treating the Civil War as "the Second American Revolution," and so on. *Donald Davidson*, a fellow member of the recent Fugitive group in Nashville, champions Mr. Tate in the *Tennesseean*, to the extent of saying:

If the South's cause was really just, it is not being sentimental to say so; it is merely substituting a grand and honorable myth for a contrary and unnatural one. . . Let us salute Allen Tate, the first Southern biographer who has had the courage to worship an old hero and to remember his fathers.

The silver globe of *Tycho Brahe*, medieval astronomer, has been brought to the United States and is now on exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History in this city. We mention this in connection with the fact that Knopf has brought out *Max Brod's* "The Redemption of Tycho Brahe" in translation from the German. . . .

Edgar Lee Masters has written a long dramatic poem, "Jack Kelso," which will be published this month by Appleton. The central figure is a poet, a wanderer, and a friend of Lincoln. The poem is epic in style. . . .

With the coming Fall *Ford Madox Ford* becomes a Viking author, contributing a new historical romance, "A Little Less than Gods." *Elizabeth Madox Roberts* will put forth a third novel through the same firm. And there will be a fifth volume for *"Saki"* enthusiasts. We hear from England also that *Edith Olivier*, author of "The Love Child," has completed a new novel even better than her first, which is saying much. . . .

We wish to thank *Mrs. E. R. Sheire* of Mapleton, Minnesota, for a rhyme anent the incident we related of *Bernard Shaw's* letter and *Henry Goddard Leach's* parrot. . . .

Thanking you kindly!

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Points of View

Complaints

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I have been a librarian for eight years and perhaps my milk of human kindness has been slightly soured by my being asked at least a hundred times a day to recommend a good novel. I have praised so many authors and grown so fulsome over the merits of the modern novel that I feel that I have earned the right to register a few complaints.

To begin with, I am tired of the novel written by the bright young man in which he strives to prove his erudition and his intellectual superiority to ordinary mortals. There are many bright young men and they write many novels, novels that bristle with allusions to Greek philosophy, that scintillate with laboriously constructed epigrams, and that creak with sophistication. I asked one of these bright young men what he meant by the term, sophistication, for I am of the generation that came just before so many young people became sophisticated. His reply was that sophistication implies an adequate knowledge of sex and its proper relation to life. The novel by the bright young man is most sophisticated. His hero spends purple nights and lavender afternoons and in between times reads books that nobody but the super-intelligent can understand, appreciates art that only the highest of the highly artistic can hope to appreciate, and talks as only a very clever man would dare to talk lest he be killed for his conversation. I have sought to find a reason for the writing of the novel by the very bright young man and have come to the following conclusion: it is because it is not considered good form for a young man to boast of his learning while he is at a university. He may brag of sports, of drink, or of women, but the American college student does not talk about the books he has read or about his philosophy of life: therefore, writing a novel is his way of proving to the world what a very clever young man he is. I wish that it would become the fashion for the bright young man to boast of what he has learned in college, not in print, but orally. Then we might be saved from all of the novels except those by the brightest of the bright young men.

To continue, I am weary of the inevitable unhappy ending. Now only the least and less skilful of our novelists dare end their novels happily. From somewhere has come the idea that tragedy is the only high peak of literary art and though the beginning of a novel be sprightly it inevitably droops into gloom at the end. The heroine having at the age of twenty or so experienced all, expects nothing of the future. The hero becomes convinced of the utter futility of existence and kills himself before anyone else seizes the opportunity. The middle-aged man realizes that all of his life so far has been wasted and that he has missed the only things in life that are significant and worth while. A man may discover that he does not love his wife on the last page of a novel, but never that he does love her. Once I did turn to the last page of a novel by a rather well-known author and was surprised to find several paragraphs of the old-fashioned love and kisses that used to end our novels. But I soon found that I had misjudged the novelist, for the hero was going to be hung and the heroine was merely consoling his last moments. The gloom was artistically thick in the last sentence. Now I hate slush and sickly sentiment, but it seems to me that since life is composed of up curves as well as down curves, that a novel might end on an up curve and still be a good novel. People bewail the increasing tendency of the public to read nothing but detective and mystery stories. The reason is not wholly because people like only mystery stories, but because the mystery story always ends on an up curve. I would regret the passing of the unhappy ending, but it would be oddly comforting to read a well-written novel by one of our best novelists that has at least a hopeful ending.

To conclude, I am sick of wails about the futility of existence, I am irritated at novelists who quote and misquote French in novels, I am bored with accounts of the feeding of the farm stock and birth of a calf, and I dislike novels that too obviously exude manners and customs.

I confess that the trouble may lie in myself. I even commit the crime of paraphrasing a quotation and say that much reading may have made me mad. And the queer thing is that I believe in the future of the American novel. If I did not I should confine myself to a mere physical care of the books that I handle and know no more about them than that their bindings are becoming worn and that some fool has marked the margins. As it is, I still read them, but it cheers the soul to register complaints.

H. E. HUTCHINS.

American Library in Paris.

A New Edition

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Although Mr. MacFall writes a well-phrased article on Oscar Wilde in your last issue, he fails to mention one of the most important facts about Mr. Sherard's biography. The book which Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company have so joyously brought out is simply a new impression from the now aged plates of 1906. But Mr. MacFall could not be expected to know this, since the publishers are careful to give it the appearance of a completely new work. Unfortunately they chose the wrong edition of the biography for reprinting. The third, published in 1911 by T. Werner Laurie, was revised by Sherard and reset, bringing his material up to date. The plates for this were probably to be found in the same attic where Messrs. Dodd, Mead doubtless discovered the ones they used. Someone had evidently stolen the half-tones, for the illustrations in the present edition are photostats. We may agree that Oscar Wilde would have liked the gaudy boards, but hardly these frightful illustrations.

Some of the material is out of date. Oscar Wilde's body was moved from Bagneux Cemetery to Père La Chaise many years ago. But according to this book eager tourists may pay homage to Wilde at Bagneux. But the publishers may have been generous in not making this correction, since people who believe what they read in this book will be saved the sight of Oscar's present monument.

Mr. MacFall slightly misleads himself in believing that "here we have a biography of Oscar Wilde that is going to count." It counted, to be sure, in 1906, but it is extremely doubtful whether it will count in 1928. He is also mistaken in stating that Wilde was fifty-eight in 1892. He was only forty-six in 1900 when he died.

Must publishers bring out simpering biographies in new jackets? and must reviewers take it seriously?—when our ancestors bought them and enjoyed them twenty years ago. I should think after Mr. MacFall finds out what has happened in this particular case he would be tempted to write a biography of Wilde himself. Of course the worst part is that this book costs five dollars and copies of the same thing may be bought in second-hand bookshops for a dollar upwards. Dear, dear, and I thought I was getting something new.

GILBERT M. WEEKS.

The New Books

Sociology

(*Continued from page 976*)

CULTURE: The Diffusion Controversy. By G. ELLIOTT SMITH, BRONSILAW MALINOWSKI, HERBERT J. SPINDEN and ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER. Norton. 1927.

This is a lively and compendious statement of the current anthropological controversy concerning the single or multiple origin of the higher cultures of the old and new world. Those whose interest is stimulated by vivid and well documented polemic will enjoy the challenging problems which have developed out of years of laborious and unromantic research. And for those general readers whose knowledge of history is confined almost exclusively to the history of the old world, Dr. Spinden's rapid survey of the great inventions of the new world will provide a wealth of new and fascinating evidence of the wide range of human inventiveness.

CREATION BY EVOLUTION. Edited by *Frances Mason*. Macmillan. $5.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES. By *Charles Darwin*. Everyman's Library. Dutton. Cloth, 80c.

FROM SPHINX TO CHRIST. By *Edouard Schuré*. Philadelphia: David McKay Co.

Travel

THINGS SEEN IN MADEIRA. By *J. E. Hutcheon*. Dutton. $1.50.

THINGS SEEN IN THE BAY OF NAPLES. By *A. G. MacKinnon*. Dutton. $1.50.

ABROAD WITH MAYOR WALKER. By *Hector Fuller*. New York: Shields.

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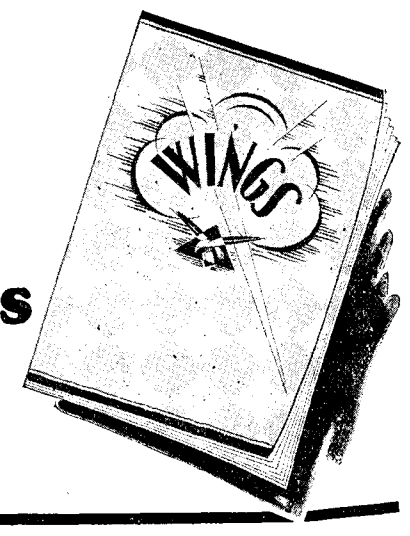

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